


# MERRY ENGLAND.

---

JUNE, 1891.

---

## *The Sister and Her Story.*

“ MY God, Thy name is the first written as I begin this book. I desire that it may move men to love those remembered in it: but more earnestly I desire that it may kindle love for Thee.” So wrote Mrs. Augustus Craven in the dedication page of the “*Récit d'une Sœur.*” That was in 1867; and her brother, Albert de la Ferronnays, and her sisters Eugénie and Olga, had already long gone to their graves. Nearly another quarter of a century was to pass before she followed them—dying at the age of eighty-three. On the last day of March, 1891, in her apartment in Paris, her eyes closed on the portraits ranged round her walls—those sweet faces—so gay for love and so gallant for death—which answered to the character-sketches she had drawn in her *Sister's Story*. Albert, Eugénie, and Olga, had all been in their graves for fifty years; but by their sister's hand they live, even on earth, for evermore.

Born in London during the first decade of the century, Pauline de la Ferronnays (better known as Mrs. Craven) might claim to be an Englishwoman. Such, indeed, she was in many of her interests, but she was also intensely French. “Indeed, by her own compatriots she was sometimes deemed too English in her

way of thinking.”\* She had opportunities rarely a woman’s to be cosmopolitan. Her father, the Count de la Ferronnays, when not in exile with the Bourbons, was their Ambassador at places so far apart in all ways as Petersburg and Rome. Her marriage with Mr. Augustus Craven, in 1834, did not terminate her travels; for her husband also was in diplomacy, and diplomacy planted him and his wife, under brilliant auspices, in London, Brussels, Lisbon, Naples, and elsewhere. In London it was Berkeley Square; and elsewhere it was places to match. Interesting people everywhere were her friends. All the great French clergy were her intimates, from Lacordaire, whom she loved like a brother, to Darboy and Dupanloup, frequenters of her *salon* in Rome during the sittings of the Vatican Council. Montalembert became as a brother to all the Ferronnays family. In England Mrs. Craven knew as many people as if she had spent her life here. Lady Georgiana Fullerton was her greatest intimate, her counterpart in devotion to Heaven, her foil in attention to the *convenances* of the world. Mrs. Craven’s last visit to London was made in quest of materials for the biography of her friend. Earl Granville, perhaps her greatest favourite among English statesmen, died almost at the hour of her own death. English politics she talked about with freedom and understanding—the understanding of a Unionist. Perhaps her familiarity with Irish questions dated back to 1852, in which year her husband contested Dublin unsuccessfully. She read our literature, classic and current; and she had met our authors from Walter Scott down to date.

In spite of her English birth and sympathies, Mrs. Craven’s *physique* and *morale* were distinctly French. Dress, facile manner, and voluble conversation matched the small figure and

\* So says the Viscount de Meaux in a little sketch of Mrs. Craven, translated into English by Lady Martin. The first English notice of Mrs. Craven’s death appeared in the *Spectator* of April 4th, 1891, from the sympathetic and accomplished pen of Mrs. Bishop. The present writer has made use of Mrs. Bishop’s facts both here and in an article he contributed to a weekly paper.



large eyes, and the *tour de phrase* of a Catholic woman of society. The Frenchwoman is not permitted by public opinion to speak or write slipshod grammar—the undignified privilege which Englishwomen are only now beginning to decline for themselves—but nevertheless no language is so divided as the French into departments, feminine French again being distinguished as the languages of the working woman, of the *bourgeoise*, of the *mondaine*, of the highly bred and secluded country lady, of the Parisian hostess whom an English habit—it is to be hoped a temporary and brief one—would justify us in calling “smart.” Eugénie de Guérin wrote with singular sweetness the French of educated domestic country life; Mrs. Craven that of a Catholic, diplomatic Paris, and of the intimate home life which was the nucleus of that society. She was a talker, as well as a writer, of this language of ready and perhaps too expected emotions, intelligent and various, precisely up to the point which a society of nice people considers “charming.” When she had passed her seventieth year, her dress showed the care and youthfulness that had been the custom of a long life; but to many who loved her best, her most attractive phases were those sadder ones that by her usual manner she did not confess. When the right time comes, the history of her own interior life will be told. The “Sister’s Story” betrayed the spirituality of the writer; but those who, full of enthusiasm for the book, casually met Mrs. Craven, did not always penetrate the mask she wore as a woman of the world. She hid herself behind a veil which only two or three intimates ever penetrated. She was a maker as well as a writer of “meditations”—two very different arts; and she did not take the abundant sorrows Heaven sent her as the full measure of the mortifications of her life.

The fortunes of Pauline de la Ferronnays had flared and flickered in her girlhood with the fortune of the Royal House of France her father faithfully served. He was a great Minister one day, and almost an outlaw the next. In her married life

these fluctuations did not leave her. Her husband suffered a sudden loss of fortune in 1870. As the grandson of the Margravine of Anspach, he was able, despite his bar sinister, to obtain the liquidation of some old claims of hers on the Bavarian Government, which granted him an annuity of £300 or £400. A like annual sum Mrs. Craven had already begun to receive regularly as royalties on her "Sister's Story." To this volume others were added: "The Story of a Soul," "Fleurange," and the rest. Mr. Craven himself shared his wife's work; and he is well known in France for the translation he made of the Prince Consort's Life, abridging it for the public he addressed, with the special approval of the Queen. They were the possessors of masterpieces of art. These were sold singly as the occasion arose; and Mrs. Craven's diamonds had a similar fate. Poverty they never endured, and not—childless as they were—any of the pangs often attending comparative affluence. But Mr. Craven took his reverse to heart more than his wife did. She faced with a smile such sacrifices as she had to make; and she was so self-denying that she had, at the time of her death, an accumulation of possessions with which, to endow her faithful servants.

Both before and after the marriage (says the Viscount de Meaux) she lived in palaces and had to quit them; still, she was equally superior to prosperity and adversity. Other friends saw and were welcomed by her in a magnificent home in Naples, surrounded with attractions of nature and art; but I prefer to think of her when occupying the small home that sheltered her declining years, where I saw her as she wished to be, as expressed in the "Meditations"—"perhaps suffering, but not sad." In Paris, in the Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, on the second storey, I next saw her; first, with her husband, calmly accepting an old age deprived of many joys, yet sweetened by mutual tender care. Later I found her alone, still attractive, with white hair, sad widow's cap, and large eyes in which time had not dimmed the lustre, charming with her captivating smile and perfect manner, which was animated by vivacity and feeling. Her windows, commanding a view of the Dome of the Invalides

and the Eiffel Tower, opened over large gardens and long avenues planted with trees. . . . In her seclusion she still felt an interest in whatever benefited mankind. Conversation, which she led so as to be beneficial to others as well as to herself, had been her chief pleasure and was her last enjoyment. In her "Meditations" she prayed "God would grant her sweet, good, holy, cherished conversation here below." God deprived her of this before calling her to Himself, doubtless that she might be absorbed in converse with Him. Her brain was attacked first; soon one-half of the body became paralysed. She who had many languages and fluency of words at command, could no longer express herself. Alas! the right words would not come. Speech failed; she could only utter inarticulate sounds. Writing was impossible, yet she could hear and understand: though feeling and power of thought remained, the instrument of thought was lost. Instead of words and tone of welcome, a gesture of the hand and grateful look greeted friends who kindly came to talk at her bedside; though henceforth deprived of interchange of ideas and expression of wishes, her affections lived. This suffering lasted for ten months, and it would be indeed difficult to imagine a greater privation or heavier trial. During that sad interval between life and death, those who saw her had, as it were, a vision of purgatory—she had long tasted its bitter savour. Sorrowful tears often flowed, yet her pained face never expressed irritation or discontent at God's holy will. Six years previously she had been suddenly seized at night with serious illness, and was near dying. Eventually she recovered; but in that first encounter with death she learned not to dread, but to long for its arrival. When told to prepare to receive the last Sacraments, a joyous sound escaped her lips instead of the habitual slight moan. As the Holy Viaticum was being administered, her eyes brightened, and her almost lifeless body made an effort to rise. In a few hours all was over. Peacefully, without a struggle, she passed away to the Kingdom of God.

In one of those talks with her, Viscount de Meaux, just returned from a visit to America, told her he had found her there the most popular among European authors. "To this I added what touched her more. At the Catholic Congress, Baltimore, I had heard delegates from several millions of distant Americans unanimously applaud a Catholic orator—a stranger—her nephew,



Count Albert de Mun—her sister Eugénie's son, of whom Eugénie said: 'It seems impossible that what belongs to me should not also belong to you.'" The allusion brings us back from the woman to the book. It is her own memorial as well as that of the relatives she loved. To write the record had been difficult to her; the tradition of literary and domestic reserve was stronger then than it is now; and she occupied twenty years with doubts and hesitations. When at last the "*Récit d'une Sœur*" appeared in 1867, it was not the crowning of the Academy that most rewarded the author; nor the forty French editions; nor its swift passage into English and nearly every tongue in Europe. These things might mean much or they might mean little; they might mean no more than the popularity of Marie Bashkirtseff's journal has meant. But there could be no mistake about the tributes which came from the elect souls of religion and literature everywhere; and Mrs. Craven had full assurance that to her it had fallen to produce a book of life. It was a sort of Bible of the home—a book with a soul in it, immortal as a book may be. The world knew the ascetic side of Catholicism; it had peered into the cells of monk and nun; it had seen the child parted from the mother; and it had shivered. Now it was taken into a home—and a French home—so full of tender affection that the English Protestant reader, at any rate, was made ashamed of his hasty judgments—he who had thought there could be no love in a flat because he himself built his dwelling on a different plan. That Catholicism kills family life he had heard; and here he was admitted to intimacy with a Catholic family; to the ballroom and boudoir, to the chapel and to the bedroom; the secrecies of love and death were laid before him; and he was obliged to own that religion had here cramped no heart and chilled no fervour of affection. Mrs. Craven had, then, her strange consolations—all the world wept with her in the long-gone griefs, and rejoiced with her in the vanished joys. "That those I loved best on



earth"—she wrote to the present writer—"should still be living in the good thoughts of many is to me more than a reward for my labour. It is a blessing upon it, for which I can never sufficiently thank God."

It was in Petersburg that Pauline de la Ferronnays became acquainted with Alexandrine d'Alopeus—her future sister-in-law—whose diary is the foundation of the "*Récit d'une Sœur*." Swedish by birth, Lutheran by profession, Russian by residence, Alexandrine had traditions of cosmopolitanism quite in accord with those of the family into which she married. When Albert and Alexandrine met in Italy for the first time, in 1832, he felt at once she was his fate, though he left his future wife unmoved. She did not think him even handsome. His love troubles were confided in letters to Montalembert; and in that old, old story, one seems to see a new note when, on being told by Alexandrine of a former admirer, his thought at once goes out in fellowship for his rival, and he asks: "But when he said 'I love you,' did he seem to feel it as I do now?" The marriage came, but the bridegroom went. A brief week or two showed that the flush on his cheek was that of quick consumption; to the honeymoon succeeded the swoon of death. "She had just ten days," writes Pauline of the stricken wife, "ten days of full and entire possession of all the happiness of earth." On the morning of her husband's death she felt that supernatural joy which is among the rarer experiences of bereavement: "O Jesus," she cried, "Paradise for him." From his death-bed she stepped forth a Catholic, to lead the widowed life which has its record in the "*Sister's Story*." There, too, is the chronicle of the early marriage and swiftly ensuing death of Eugénie de la Ferronnays; and of the snatching away of the yet younger Olga, who fell as her feet tottered on to the troublous threshold of womanhood.

But it is of Pauline herself that we shall go to the "*Sister's Story*" for some passages. With the main facts of her life, and of the lives and deaths of those dear to her already outlined, we

can quote fragmentarily from the letters and journals, which show in others so much of the sweetness which was hers also. Albert, just after his own marriage, writes of her to a clerical friend :

I hope you received a letter from my sister Pauline, telling you of her approaching marriage, with which we are all very much pleased. It may perhaps appear strange that such strict Catholics, as we all are, should be marrying Protestants ; but we have good reason to be thankful if God makes use of us to bring others to the love of the Church and the true faith. There is no vanity in saying this, for our share in these conversions is a very indirect one, and they would have taken place even without our co-operation. My future brother-in-law is a Catholic in heart, and he will be received into the Church soon after his marriage. It is only on account of the false interpretations which might be given to this act that he delays it awhile. I wish the same blessing were as near at hand for my wife, but I fear that happy day is still distant. If you had spent this winter in Italy, how happy it would have made my sister and myself, to receive the nuptial blessing at your hands. Monsignor Acton will take your place, and is coming from Rome for the occasion. He has known Pauline since she was a child.

Pauline herself, speaking of her own wedding-day, says :

My poor Eugénie felt in going back into the room we had so long shared together something of the same grief I experienced later, when visiting old scenes from which she had for ever departed. She wrote to me immediately.

This letter was the first of many letters from one sister to the other, which all the world may now read. It is dated "Midnight, and quite alone :"

My Pauline, can it be possible ? They tell me to go to bed, but I cannot. The house is dreadful without you ; but as to this room—ah, Pauline, this room without you—I cannot bear it. After your departure (the word sounds so strange to me) I began to feel very lonely, and went about kissing every single thing I could find of yours—your dear little gloves, your nosegay—weeping, weeping all the time tears enough to make me blind ! Pauline, I hear such strange noises. I am afraid of being alone. I keep walking up and down and calling out your name, without the least attempt at self-control. I wonder where you are now ?

They said you would be at Mola by midnight. Vesuvius is making such a strange mournful noise. Good night, Pauline. Good night, Augustus. O I do love you both!

In one of the letters which follow, Eugénie tells Pauline her father says that at the bottom of each page she is to put, "as the burden of my song, that he loves you; and as for my mother—poor dearest mother—she thinks of nothing but you." This allusion is Pauline's opportunity. She writes:

Eugénie was right about my mother. She loved us all dearly; but if there was one preference in her heart for one above another of her children it was for me, and it seemed to me, too, that I loved her more entirely than the rest, with a keener appreciation, and, above all, a more unbounded confidence. Even in childhood it was so complete that I never could conceal from her a single thought; and I remember that when I was about fifteen or sixteen years old, and she went out without me in the evening, I often wrote down all I had been thinking of while she was away, and pinned this kind of examination of conscience on the pin-cushion of her dressing-table, that she might find and read it as soon as she came in. I could not have gone to sleep in peace with the thought that she did not know everything in my mind. This will show at once what she was; for there are not many mothers, even amongst the best, who inspire their children with a desire to disclose their feelings to them with entire openness. No ordinary share of kindness, judgment, or sympathy will suffice to establish this perfect trust, which was the blessing and safeguard of my own youth. However loving and submissive a daughter may be, it is not always in her power to feel a confidence which depends on the character of the mother far more than that of the child. Oh, my own mother! when I think that you are now where your humility can no longer shield you from praise, nor your self-denial sacrifice your own happiness, where every virtue is rewarded, and every suffering compensated, there are moments when I am filled with an intense joy, and I feel reconciled to your loss, nay, almost glad to live without you.

We have heard of an illustrious Anglican convert to the Catholic Church who said that when, by his own reading and reflection he was being brought near to Catholicism, he was



retarded and thrown back whenever he met Catholics. It is a little strange that the Ferronnays family, who while they lived and after their deaths were destined to make many converts to the Church, did at first appear to throw back Albert's wife on her way to Catholicism. "It seemed," says Pauline, "as if since she was surrounded by Catholics a sort of antagonism had been aroused in her which she had never before felt or shown. She appeared, on the whole, to sympathise less with us about religion since she had become one of us." Alexandrine's mother had said that it would "nail her up in her coffin" to hear of her daughter's conversion; and Alexandrine found somewhere the story of a pagan king who, though persuaded of Christianity, would not be baptised because "he preferred to be condemned with his parents than to be saved without them." This she thought very generous. Letters passed between the sisters-in-law, in one of which Pauline says :

As to that terrible separation from your mother, of course, nothing could be more dreadful than such a thought; but you always lose sight of what is our belief on that point. We think that to be safe we must be Catholics, unless in perfect good faith we remain in error. Well, I thoroughly believe your mother to be in that state of mind, and I am equally persuaded that you are not. Would you not, then, be taking the surest means of meeting her in the next world by obeying the dictation of conscience? The pagan king's parents, supposing them to have been in good faith, might, strictly speaking, have been saved, whereas he himself persevered in a worship he knew to be false.

It would have been difficult to live even briefly as the wife of Albert without catching some of his enthusiasm for religion. When, one morning, he looked from his window and saw the street being swept by eight galley slaves, chained together, and wearing the badge, "Robbery with violence," he exclaims: "O most merciful and just God, grant them submission and the hope of another life! O my Divine Master, when Thou wert forsaken of men, angels came to comfort Thee. Let these poor



creatures also be comforted by angels now that they are scorned by men!" The first impulse of the New Era stirred in his heart Montalembert, his beloved friend, was a link between Albert and Lacordaire. When Lamennais's "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" appeared, Albert (who all this time is under twenty-three years of age) writes to the Abbé Martin de Noirlieu :

Although I shared the general surprise this book created, it pained me to see such a man judged by such opponents. I must own to you that I listen with some pleasure to these anticipations of a new era. Will not selfishness at last disappear from the world? Efface from M. de Lamennais's pages their angry violence, and then tell me if his hopes are not yours.

A little later, Albert, writing to Montalembert, rejoices in the new life stirring among the young men of France. "Nothing can equal all this," he says, "and, in contrast with it, Italy resembles some fair corpse." Of Alexandrine, he adds: "She ought to see such priests as are to be found in France, but are not to be met with here in Italy." Alexandrine herself said about this time that her conversion was conditional on one birth or one of two deaths. If she became a mother she could not bear to be separated from her child in religion. This feeling of hers enabled her to realise her own mother's sentiment; and she felt impelled as long as her mother lived to remain Lutheran. The other death was Albert's: if that happened, she felt she could not bear the spiritual as well as the bodily separation. And it was by that most painful of the three processes that she embraced the Faith. Albert's sudden attacks of hemorrhage brought her at once into the very presence of death. "It occurred to me," says Alexandrine, "to open the New Testament, and to seek solace for my lot. I did so; and my eyes fell on these words: 'Honour widows that are widows indeed.' I felt as if some spectre had risen up before me, and uttered its cry. Even in thought that horrible word *widow* had never presented itself to my

mind." Love and death had entered upon that fatal duel, which has only one ending ; though the doomed one, sanguine as consumptives ever are, was the last to read his fate. "My wife is becoming every day more captivating. She is the only woman who has made me happy"—the mysterious creed of every individual adorer at one woman's shrine. "Her unutterable sweetness!" he exclaims to his sisters ; and to his father, who is regretting that the young couple have not a larger income, he writes to smile at the suggestion that "the poetry of life" has been made prosy because Alexandrine now knows "even the price of eggs." Almost the next page, she is kneeling by his bedside, knowing him to be dying : "*Oh, you are too young!*" he says, looking at her fresh beauty. When he called for a confessor, a cry rose to her lips : "Now I am a Catholic!" She described that as "a moment of inspiration," and she so regarded it for the rest of her life. She was received into the Church in Albert's room, and she made her first Communion and he almost his last together. "My sweet Jesus!" prayed the proselyte, "grant me a new heart, but let me keep all my deep affections."

After his death her journal contains, on an early day, this entry :

O my God, do not put asunder what Thou Thyself hast joined together ! Pardon my boldness, and do Thou, my Father Who art in Heaven, let me bring before Thee that we never ceased to bear Thee in mind—that we never wrote to each other even a little love-letter without naming Thy name. Remember that we continually prayed to Thee together, and that we always besought Thee that our love might be eternal in Heaven.

Alexandrine went with her late husband's family to Boury, their French country house. Pauline shall tell in her own way the story of her next meeting with her sister-in-law :

All this time I was absent from Boury. Nine months had passed away since Albert's death, and I had not yet seen any of my family. Once even there had been a question of my husband's going suddenly to Portugal, and in that case I must have made up my mind to leave England without first going

home. We should not then have met before a fresh parting which was to separate us by a wider distance, and for an indefinite time. This sorrow, however, was spared me, and we went to Boury in October, having left it in April, when Albert was still living, and Alexandrine had never been there. I was now going to see her for the first time since Albert's death. We got there about eight o'clock in the evening, when no one but a servant received us at the door, and told us that my father and mother and Eugénie, who did not expect us so soon, were gone out to dinner at Dangu, and that Madame Albert, as Alexandrine would always be called, was alone in her room upstairs. The servant wished to let her know of our arrival, which I foolishly prevented, and running up the stairs I crossed the corridor and went into Alexandrine's room without even knocking. The room was thickly carpeted, so that the door opened without noise, and I was within a few steps of her before she saw me. The sight of my poor sister struck me to the heart. I had left her in Paris carefully and even elegantly dressed—for during his last illness Albert had liked to see her in the gowns and ornaments which she had worn in happier days—and I found her in that deep mourning which, as Eugénie had so well said, looked deeper upon her than on anyone else. She was sitting in the carved high-backed chair, which was Albert's gift, and leaning on a table covered with a sky-blue cloth. The mournful widow's cap she usually wore was hanging on the back of her chair; her head was uncovered, and her brown hair somewhat in disorder. One small lamp was the only light in that large room, and the thick green damask hangings of her bed, which had been brought from Venice by Albert, quite concealed me from her sight. There she sat, looking exactly like the picture of her that I possess. I never shall forget that moment. I went towards her. "Alexandrine!" At the sound of my voice she looked up quickly, and sprang forward to catch me in her arms; but the surprise and emotion made her stagger, and she fell suddenly on the floor. I was very much alarmed, for I thought she had fainted; but she got up quickly and began by begging my pardon. "You must not think I am always like this," she said, "I assure you I am not. I am much calmer than you would think, and I still enjoy a great many things." And, in fact, as soon as she had recovered from the sudden shock she sat down beside me, and we held our first sad conversation with some kind of calmness, and in spite of all that had passed since we had met and all she had to tell me, in spite of



our sorrow and our tears, that first hour we spent together was more sweet than sad for us both. After that, my father and mother returned with Eugénie and that also was a meeting the sweetness of which no sorrow could destroy. Still, after the lapse of many years, I see before me the great drawing-room at Boury, just as it looked that evening when I found myself there for the first time after such great and sad changes. Death had struck one of our most beloved ones, and broken up that happy and charming family circle which made our lives so enchantingly bright. We had for ever lost that mistaken idea of youth, that happiness is the earthly reward of a good life, and that love and trust in God will guard us from every sorrow. This idea had been uppermost in our minds only a few months before, and we had all been blind to Albert's danger, because we thought it impossible that God would take him from us. And now how was it with our thoughts, our love and our trust in God? What had been the effects of this trial, and what would be its fruits? Such were my thoughts as we gathered round the fire, and I looked at each one of the circle in turn; and it may seem surprising, but it is, nevertheless, certain, that I experienced once more the feeling I had at Paris during Albert's last illness. It seemed to me that evening they were all endowed with a new strength; that something had been learnt, something gained; that fresh heights had been reached, new truths realised, and, more wonderful than all, a new happiness won, which the careless days of childhood and early youth had never known. I know that such gleams as these are but transient lights, that they are quickly clouded, and often wholly vanish; but the gloom that follows is not so rayless as if that light had never been discerned. There sat Alexandrine by the fireside, much changed from what she had been, her beautiful figure bent, and wrapped in the long black scarf she now always wore. Her face was very pale, and the expression of her eyes, as Eugénie had said, as calm as that of a person who no longer expects or desires anything on earth. But there was at the same time a deeper sweetness, and something so serene in her countenance, that it seemed to impart peace to all who approached her. During this time of sorrow, my mother showed her usual self-forgetfulness, and was more than ever occupied with the least joys and sorrows of others; that tender heart seemed to have enlarged, in order to take in and share every cross and every burthen. As usual, I enjoyed with her that fulness of confidence and sympathy which had been the earliest



happiness of my life ; she was always ready to hear everything, perfectly understood all that was said to her, and joined to the utmost sweetness of temper the most intelligent tenderness of character. Perhaps I have already said these things of my mother ; but I can never recall her dear image without giving it a token of my love, and sometimes I feel as if I received one from her in return. As to Eugénie, I found her much improved in looks. At her age the effects of fatigue are not lasting, and she had recovered from the strain she had gone through beside Albert's death-bed. The beauty of her complexion was enhanced by her deep mourning ; the open radiant expression of her face conveyed the idea that some mystery of joy and comfort had been revealed to her by her first acquaintance with death. Olga was grown tall, and her slight figure was very graceful, her profile as regular as Eugénie's, but her countenance more serious. At fifteen she already inclined to meditate on deep subjects, which might have proved dangerous if her rare candour and simplicity had not always led her, without the slightest reserve, to disclose her inmost thoughts. She was singularly gentle and docile, and, therefore, easy to guide. Eugénie, especially, whom she loved above everyone, could do what she pleased with her. Olga was, of all my mother's daughters, the one who most resembled her in looks and character. The word *angelic* seemed peculiarly applicable to my young sister throughout her short life, and yet more affectingly so at the moment of her death. . . . Then came the blessed hour of night prayers, which were always accompanied with beautiful music. Eugénie's voice, assisted by Olga's fine contralto and Alexandrine's pure and high soprano, formed a choir such as is seldom met with. My brother also often took a part ; and the singing in that little chapel long lingered in the memory of those who were then present.

The news that Eugénie was engaged to M. de Mun—the father of the brilliant French publicist—came as a surprise to Pauline. Eugénie had been, all her life, “in love with death” —to use a phrase which an early martyr made, and which Shelley, long afterwards, repeated with a prefixed “almost.” Once in the middle of dinner this maiden, Eugénie, astonished Alexandrine by telling her that “the idea of death made her heart beat with joy.” She was one to laugh almost in death's

face, even as she had laughed in the midst of her deep bereavement. "We laugh sometimes in spite of everything and ourselves," she says. "But we feel there is no harm in it; for that kind of gaiety is not like the world's. It springs from the peace of prayer." "Oh, do not mourn for me when I die," she writes to Pauline; "for if I thank God every day for my birth, it is because if I had not been born I could not have died. Pauline, Pauline, may our meeting in Heaven be a blessed one!" When Eugénie writes to Pauline to announce her marriage, she ends her letter: "I have one distinct wish, and that is, always to love death." Six months after her marriage Eugénie begins to prepare for an event. She is full of joy, seeing that others wish it so; but to Pauline she confesses: "I pray every day to be deprived of having a child rather than to be allowed to have one who is not a Christian." On April 20th, 1839, the boy was born. In March, 1841, another boy was born. When, shortly afterwards, Pauline met the young mother in Paris, she found her pale and depressed. When they parted—Pauline bound for Brussels and Eugénie for Italy—they parted for ever. Pauline says:

I gave her my last kiss. Oh, it was a very tender one. It could not, I think, have been more tender had I known what that moment really was for us both. She clasped me in her arms with an intense affection which nothing could have increased, and they were obliged to draw me away.

From Rome Eugénie writes to Pauline, telling of a Retreat under Father de Ravignan. She says of his Lent sermons: "Think how I enjoy them—I who have never heard a good sermon in my life!" The death of her father took place during this stay in Rome, in January, 1842: and with his funeral was connected, as everyone knows, the marvellous conversion of Père Ratisbonne. Under her grief Eugénie lost strength again. "She was ready to depart," says Pauline, "and without any new suffering, without leave-takings, this dearest, sweetest sister was

taken to her rest by Him Who gave her to me to love on earth and will give her back to me for all eternity in Heaven."

Olga, who was in all her beauty now, writes to Pauline of Eugénie's death, and tells how Eugénie, when near her end, and when meditating on the words of the Gospel, where Martha says to Our Lord: "He whom Thou lovest is sick," changed the phrase to "She who loves Thee so much is sick," adding with a smile: "And that is indeed true." And Olga's own hour drew near. She was staying with Pauline in Brussels when the summons came. "I believe, I love, I hope, I repent," were her last words, uttered "with a beaming expression on her face. She was gasping for breath, but as one might be at the moment of winning a race; breathless and weary, yet joyful and triumphant." Her body was taken to rest at Boury, beside her brother Albert's.

Of Alexandrine little remains to be said. "I mourn for my Albert gaily" she learned to write; and her days were passed in deeds of charity. Her last message was: "Let Pauline know that it is very sweet to die." She, too, was buried at Boury; and by yet another grave there Pauline knelt ere long—the grave of her saintly mother. Now there is another grave, and Pauline sleeps beside her mother, beside Olga, and Albert and Alexandrine.

The reader of the record which Pauline Craven made will have one thought strong in him when he lays that record down. It will be a thought which was Eugénie's of some other book, and which I can best express in her words: "Whole passages made me shed tears of joy from the belief that no one could read those pages without loving religion. Ah, when will men love one another and love God? I desire this sometimes so ardently that *it makes me quite ill.*"

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

*To My Godchild,*

F. M. W. M.

**T**HIS labouring, vast Tellurian galleon,  
Riding at anchor off the orient sun,  
Had broken its cable, and stood out to space  
Down some froze Arctic of the aerial ways :  
And now, back warping from the inclement main,  
Its vaporous shroudage drenched with icy rain,  
It swung into its azure roads again ;  
When, floated on the prosperous sun-gale, you  
Lit, a white halcyon auspice, 'mid our frozen crew.

To the sun, stranger, surely you belong,  
Giver of golden days and golden song ;  
Nor is it by an all unhappy plan  
You bear the name of me, his constant Magian.  
Yet ah ! from any other that it came,  
Lest fated to my fate you be, as to my name.  
When at the first those tidings did they bring,  
My heart turned troubled at the ominous thing :  
Though well may such a title him endower,  
For whom a poet's prayer implores a poet's power.  
The Assisian, who kept plighted faith to three,  
To Song, to Sanctitude, and Poverty,  
(In two alone of whom most singers prove  
A fatal faithfulness of during love ! ) ;  
He the sweet Sales, of whom we scarcely ken



How God he could love more, he so loved men ;  
The crown and crowned of Laura and Italy ;  
And Fletcher's fellow—from these, and not from me,

Take you your name, and take your legacy !  
Or if a right successive you declare  
When worms, for ivies, intertwine my hair,  
Take but this Poesy that now followeth  
My clayey hest with sullen servile breath,  
Made then your happy freedman by testating death.  
My song I do but hold for you in trust,  
I ask you but to blossom from my dust.  
When you have compassed all weak I began,  
Diviner poet, and ah ! diviner man,  
The man at feud with the perduring child  
In you before song's altar nobly reconciled ;  
From the wise heavens I half shall smile to see  
How little a world which owned you needed me.  
If, while you keep the vigils of the night,  
For your wild tears make darkness all too bright,  
Some lone orb through your lonely window peeps,  
As it played lover over your sweet sleeps ;  
Think it a golden crevice in the sky,  
Which I have pierced but to behold you by !

And when, immortal mortal, droops your head,  
And you, the child of deathless song, are dead ;  
Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance  
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,  
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod  
Among the bearded counsellors of God ;  
For if in Eden as on earth are we,  
I sure shall keep a younger company :  
Pass where beneath their rangèd gonfalons

The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns,  
The dreadful mass of their enridgèd spears ;  
Pass where majestic the eternal peers,  
The stately choice of the great Saintdom, meet—  
A silvern segregation, globed complete  
In sandalled shadow of the Triune feet ;  
Pass by where wait, young poet-wayfarer !  
Your cousined clusters, emulous to share  
With you the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their hair  
Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven ;  
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

*Two Meetings.*

## I.

**A**N unusual stir of excitement pervaded the quiet and orderly precincts of St. Cyr one fine September morning in the year of grace 1717, from the youngest and giddiest of the boarders to the oldest Nun, comparable only to the fearsome flutterings of doves at the sight of a hawk hovering over the dovecote. For a messenger had just ridden in post haste from Paris, with the news that the Czar, Peter of Russia, who was the guest of the Duc d'Orleans, was on his way to inspect Madame de Maintenon's famous foundation in order to obtain such hints as might be useful to him for a similar institution he designed to erect in St. Petersburg for the daughters of his nobles. The long corridors and wide staircases resounded with the light steps of the girls, who ran hither and thither, intent upon donning their most becoming finery, to dazzle the eyes of the Duc d'Orleans and his suite who, it was said, would accompany the Czar; while the Sisters themselves hastened to the private apartments of their venerable foundress, to seek her advice in their predicament. At St. Cyr, whither she had retired on the death of Louis XIV., the Marquise de Maintenon ruled as absolutely as she had once ruled at Versailles. Worn out with age and infirmities as she was, the Marquise could not forbear a smile at the fears expressed by the good Sisters.

"Let the Ice-King come," she said; "what have we to fear from him? He will only be able to praise the efforts of those who cultivate this garden of girl-flowers. Be very sure he has

nothing in all his mighty Empire to compare to this. Courage, therefore, my Sisters ; see that our dear ones adorn themselves becomingly, and let the youngest of them present the Czar with a bouquet on his arrival. As for me, I shall not receive him ; you will tell him I am ill."

As a rule the "Demoiselles de St. Cyr" were more anxious to add to than to lessen their ages, for did not each year bring them nearer to their emancipation from school tasks and their entry into the great world ? But to-day the case was altered, and anxiously were the years, months, weeks, nay even days of each one scanned and discussed, to decide whether a Rohan, a De Giuche, a De Guemenée, or other bearer of a historic name should welcome the Czar ; and great was the indignation of these noble damsels when it was found that this distinction had fallen to the lot of little Henriette van Pee, the daughter of a Dutch painter, who, as a favour, had obtained her admittance into this exclusive establishment.

Henriette, when told of the honour destined for her, began to weep and tremble ; her imagination depicted the terrible Peter as her aunt at Saardam had once described him to her—a giant with fierce rolling eyes, who habitually carried a shipwright's axe on his shoulder, with which he smote all who offended him. She felt like a lamb being decked for the slaughter when the Sisters anxiously inspected her dress, adding a touch here and there, and hid her tear-stained face behind the huge bouquet in her hand, regardless of the mockery of her envious companions. What would such an ogre care for flowers, she thought, and the climax of her fears was reached when the noise of approaching wheels announced the dreaded arrival. The other girls ranged themselves in order behind her, settling their ribbons and laces, and calling up their most fascinating smiles. The Czar entered alone, attended only by two servants, and a sigh of disappointment passed along the ranks of the expectant maidens. But Henriette saw and heard nothing ; beside herself with fear, she



tossed her flowers to her nearest neighbour and fled, regardless of the cries of her companions. With lightning speed she flew up the wide staircase and down the long corridors until, breathless, she paused before a closed door. After a moment's hesitation she opened it, and entered the bedroom of Madame de Maintenon. A figure enveloped in lace and muslin sat up slowly in the huge bed facing her ; it was the Marquise, and she was alone, her women having left her to look at the Czar. Henriette fell sobbing on her knees by the bedside and buried her face in the coverlet, whispering :

" Save me ; I am so frightened ! "

" What is the matter, child ? What has happened to you ? "

" They wanted me to present a bouquet to the foreign Emperor ; but when he arrived I ran away. Oh, don't send me back again ! "

The transparent hand of the invalid rested on the child's fair head.

" Stay here ; you are quite safe, for he will not come into this room : and I will ask the Sisters not to scold you. "

With a sigh of relief Henriette kissed the hand of her protectress, and sat down on a stool near the bed, her fears all vanished.

How still and peaceful it was in this wonderful room, which none of the girls ever entered, and which was as solemn and splendid as the chamber of a queen. Henriette gazed wonderingly at the magnificent carpet, the crimson and gold hangings of the bed and windows. Costly ornaments stood on tables and shelves about the room ; a jewelled fan lay on the embroidered counterpane. Over a *Prie-dieu* opposite the bed hung the portrait of the late King, not as he had looked in the last years of his life, when his lieges mockingly nicknamed him " the old bird bereft of plumage, " but as the *roi soleil* of his handsome youth, when Marie Mancini's bright eyes were dimmed by incessant weeping, and Louise de la Vallière well-

nigh lost her soul for his sake. On the other side hung Madame de Maintenon's own portrait: the figure slender and graceful, the finely cut features shaded by a black lace veil falling over her powdered hair, and revealing rather than hiding the dazzling white throat and neck. The eyes were downcast and a faint smile played round the red lips.

"Were you really once like that?" asked Henriette, with all a child's simplicity; but before the Marquise could answer, an unwonted commotion was heard in the corridor, dominated by the sound of a firm, heavy step. "Draw the curtains of the bed!" exclaimed Madame. Henriette obeyed, pushed her stool aside, and stood up, listening anxiously. The heavy step sounded nearer. Who had dared to invade this forbidden part of the house? There was no knock, the door was opened abruptly, a tall, imposing-looking man entered the room; behind him appeared the horrified faces of the Sisters with a background of white robed maidens, their gay ribbons fluttering with the excitement of their wearers. Henriette divined at once who the intruder was, but all her fears left her. This was no ogre-shipwright of Saardam, with his terrible axe. She saw an earnest face with brilliant, piercing eyes, and long fair hair that fell over the broad shoulders. His glance rested for a moment on the girl, and he passed his large hand caressingly over her curls.

"Is this the little coward who ran away?" he asked, smiling. "And where is Madame de Maintenon, who refuses to see me?"

"You cannot see her, Sire," answered Henriette boldly; "she is ill and in bed."

Without any further remark, the Czar gently put the girl aside, and approaching the bed, unceremoniously drew back the hangings. Then silently Peter Alexiowitsch looked at the woman in whose hands had lain the destinies of France. Those hands, now resting feeble and wan on the coverlet of the bed,

still showed signs of their bygone beauty. This was all that remained of the Widow Scarron, whose fascinations had swayed the satiated Louis to his last breath after winning him from the lovely De Montespan! The Marquise closed her eyes under this scrutiny, her lips trembled, then indignation obtained the mastery; but before she could blaze out upon the intruder, the curtains were hastily redrawn, the sound of the clinking spurs, followed by the frightened whispers of the girls and Nuns, and the rustling of their garments, sounded further and further off, and in a few moments the room contained only a weeping woman and a trembling girl.

"I am glad I did not give him the flowers after all," said Henriette, as she clasped her arms round the Marquise's neck. "He does not love you, I saw it in his eyes; but do not grieve, for we all here love you dearly."

## II.

A YEAR after Peter the Great's visit to St. Cyr, Henriette van Pee returned home and became one of her father's most promising pupils. After long and diligent study she devoted herself exclusively to miniature, and her portraits became quite the rage. No fashionable dame from Royalty downwards was content unless Henriette immortalised her face. The timid little maiden who fled from the Czar at St. Cyr was now quite at ease amongst crowned heads, and it was during a visit to the Court of Prussia that she received an invitation to that of St. Petersburg, to paint the niece of Peter, the beautiful Anna of Courland, as well as the Grand Duchess Elizabeth; and it was even whispered that the Empress herself desired to be portrayed by the little Dutch miniature painter. Her friends tried to dissuade her from undertaking the long journey, so full of danger and hardships in those days; but she was not to be dissuaded.

"I would not go only for the sake of the renown it may bring me, had I not the greatest desire to see the man once

more whom last I saw by the side of the Marquise de Maintenon's bed. I want to see what he looks like now, when he has driven away his first wife, and hung 130 conspirators opposite his sister Sophia's windows; I want to see whether I am still as frightened of him as I was."

And now she was really in St. Petersburg, where she had painted the sorrowful features of the Princess Elizabeth and was engaged in finishing the miniature of Anna of Courland. To-morrow she would complete that of the Empress, and then the artist was free to go home. And yet, although she suffered daily from home sickness, she felt a sense of disappointment, for the object which had induced her to visit St. Petersburg had not been achieved—she had not seen the Czar. By a common whim, he had suddenly left the capital on the day of Henriette's arrival, and his movements were so eccentric and uncertain that no one could say when he would return. He was in the habit of thus disappearing and as suddenly coming back again: no one could tell her more than that.

Anna of Courland reclined on a couch, her head resting on a gold coloured satin cushion; the Grand Duchess Elizabeth was gazing dreamily out of a window, and near her at a little table sat Henriette van Pee painting. Suddenly she started, nor she alone; the other women in the room likewise looked up in fear, for a heavy step sounded outside, a step which Henriette at once recognised as the one she had heard on that eventful day at St. Cyr. Nearer and nearer it came, and the door flew open, giving ingress to the gigantic form of the Czar. He nodded slightly to the other women, and then came over to the artist's table, and stood for a long time gazing at her work, as silently and earnestly as once he had gazed at the Marquise de Maintenon; and just as it had happened then when he stood near her, she lost all fear. After awhile he lifted his head and fixed his piercing eyes on the little artist.



"The picture is excellent," he said in French. "How many sittings do you want for a portrait?"

"Twenty sittings, Sire, of three hours each."

"That is too many, still I feel inclined to let you paint me; how long must I sit to you for a miniature?"

"Twenty-one times, four hours each time, Sire."

The other women looked at her astonished and frightened; the Czar smiled and echoed her words.

"Twenty-one! and why pray?"

"Because you are Peter the Great, and because I have never yet painted a man—and because I should like to make your portrait a sort of reparation——"

"Why, what wrong have you ever done me?"

"I ran away from you a long time ago—at St. Cyr; and you found me by Madame de Maintenon's bedside, Sire. At that time I was very much afraid of you."

"And now?" laughed the Emperor. "Yes, I remember the little incident."

"Well, now, your Majesty, I have run after you instead of from you, so I don't think I am frightened any longer."

Peter sat for his miniature to the little Dutchwoman, and gave her twenty-one sittings of four hours each. Nor did the time hang heavily on his hands, for he talked to her much of her own country and his life there as a shipwright, and told her he often wished he could return there once more. The miniature was so successful that the Czar offered Henriette a yearly pension of 6,000 dollars if she would remain in Russia; but she refused.

"Have you not confessed yourself, Sire, that you sometimes feel a longing to see Holland again? I am sure, therefore, you will understand that I could not live happily away from my dear Fatherland."

The little miniature painter returned home, and married her distinguished brother artist, Wolters. Since her success with

the great Czar's portrait, she painted men as well as women ; and every great lady of the day wore as a bracelet or brooch her husband's, brother's, son's, or lover's miniature from her hand. Henriette Wolters died in 1741, and collections of her miniatures are to be found in most of the celebrated art galleries of the world.

ELISE POLKO.

*The Physiognomy of Counties.*

**B**ETWEEN contiguous counties there is ever a subtle difference of landscape expression. The faces of women and of men do not differ more. But if we, starting from one county, pass over several, the change is startling; the less obvious differences have accumulated into the strongest contrast. Was it some keen judge of the various beauty of the earth who first delimited our shires and changed the name precisely where the type altered? The politicians could not have done it; nor the surveyors of Domesday. By whomsoever accomplished, the work is well done. A journey from Kent to Derbyshire, and southward by the Great Eastern line, had reminded me of this. On one day I was in the Weald: on the next I was in the Peak.

A painter in Kent would need the brighter colours of his palette; a painter in North Derbyshire would fly to umbers and to greys. The difference, expressed in jewels, is that between the amethyst and the cairngorm. The very streamlets of the moorlands are brilliant browns like the eyes of water spaniels: the Medway must be caught only in its gleams of blue and silver; its native hue would hardly range itself in any scheme of colour. The soft curves of the Kentish hills flow away into unsearchable distance filmed with blue; the white flash of a chalk cleft here and there catches the sunlight. The sterner slopes of Derbyshire break upwards into ridges of rock and end in a dreary plateau: such are Edale Edge, Bamford Edge, Stanage Edge, Derwent Edge. To stand on the brink of these

long summits, assailed by an impetuous wind, makes a man feel how frail is that parapet of life which is all that parts him from the precipices of death.

One couchant rock, blue-black, mysterious, dominates the Dale down to Derwent valley. This gloomy monster is, I am convinced, an ancient dragon. His comparatively modern name is Hu Gare: romantic enough; but what it may have been I know not, when, in forgotten æons, he fought his brethren in the slime. I would now, however, build a deeply-founded castle on his back and thus, like a tiger moth to cardboard, pin him to his upland for ever.

Man, of course, modifies scenery, and scenery man: his works, therefore, differ as widely in the two counties as do the landscapes. The buildings in Kent are in colour contrast, while those in Derbyshire harmonise with their surroundings. The lichened reds of brick and the black and white of timber construction form foils to the fir trees and the orchards of Kent; the russet scale armour of tiles, which covers countless cottage walls, sets off the monthly roses. The roofs are steep and long sloped; the tall chimneys are crowned with caps of a profile well thought out and ever varying. The oast house is a feature of the fields; it is a need unparalleled elsewhere: it is the constructive emblem of the hop; its circular form and conical roof topped by a ventilator bring to memory the dreamy fragrance of drying hops, to say nothing of the chemical substitutes of the brewers. Excepting such commons as are still left to the people every rood of Kent is cultivated like a garden.

Otherwise is it with North Derbyshire. There thousands of acres have defied through all time the efforts of the husbandman. There you find the tussocky grass, the rushes, and the heath of high, unreclaimed lands; there the bleat of a few agile sheep is dominated by the exultant crowing of the wild, red grouse. It is curious how the fields clamber up the hill sides; sometimes one has climbed further into the wilderness, and has



stopped as though for lack of breath. Dry walls of rough stones, between which the wind whistles, outline these plots of meagre grass. The sparse houses are built in the valleys or under the shelter of higher heights. They are made square and low of native stone. They soon grow as sombre as the surrounding rocks. Longshawe Lodge, the shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland, is indistinguishable from the landscape, save when the windows are transfigured into beacons by the sunset. North Lees, a deserted home of the Catholic Eyres, seen from Stanage Edge, shows like a rock more formal than its neighbours. The old hall at Eyam is a winter's night in stone. Soon will Derwent Hall, built in recent years by the Duke of Norfolk, be almost as black as it is beautiful. The scenery of Derbyshire, whether touched by man or in its wildness, is a harmony in low tones. For one short inspired season there comes, indeed, a flower "change into something rich and strange." When the heather blooms in August the hills are clothed in purple more imperial than that of all the vellum of Byzantium. Perhaps it is the joyful Lent of the sinless moorlands vestmented in violet.

The climate of Kent is sufficiently genial for the fastidious hop vine. But the climate of the Peak is a headstrong creature : it compels all things to do its will : like a mediæval monarch it enforces on all its subjects its sumptuary laws : in its kingdom, browns and hodden greys are the only wear. Out of its rare bounty it feeds its lieges on trout and grouse garnished with bilberries. It crowns these repasts with the most exhilarating and hunger-provoking air in England.

Contrast between two provinces could no further go. The one smiles in its richness : the other frowns in its poverty, yet not unkindly. The one is arrayed in garments "tinct with" azure : the other is cowled like a Benedictine. The one is a land of pleasure : the other is as "a mountain of myrrh."

In order to strike the Great Eastern line at Doncaster you cross the border into South Yorkshire. The scene again changes.

Man is master in the vale of the Don. I see his eidolon enthroned on money bags, within a peristyle of immense chimney shafts, beneath a canopy of smoke. The district has been described with frank irreverence by an American ; she called it "hell with the lid off." *Non sic itur ad astra.*

The flight southward from Doncaster brings on another transformation, and consequently other counties. The long water courses, the dead level of surface, the low and near horizons distinguish, though still with an inner difference, the shires of Lincoln and of Cambridge. There the reluctant barges are towed through unemotional waters ; these, in winter, become the paradise of the skater, "borne onward by effortless will in motionless progression." There pollarded willows stand in rows amid the clamour of prosperous ducks and geese. Quiet towns come up suddenly and as quickly relapse into their native flatness. For all that can be seen ahead, the engine may, at any moment, leap over the edge of the world to turn somersaults through unceasing space for ever.

But the towered hill of Lincoln swims into sight like to an enchanted ship on an ocean of land. Soon the train is switched, rattling across the High Street into the crowded station. It is market day, and the dealers in the big sheep that fatten on the fenlands make a bustle and a noise. High above the chaffering town the triple towers of the Minster lift their pinnacled summits into secular silence.

Everywhere are the flat countries rich in architecture. To speak as one less wise, they are richer than the others in everything but the picturesque. The people of them instinctively long for altitudes ; meteorologically they have less to fear from storms. The amenity of their situation and its accessibility bring humane manners, arts, and commerce. Therefore the Lowlanders flourish and aspire. As we steam away from the city, the Minster, bathed in sunshine, moves through innumerable groupings. The soft amber and black of proximity fade through

many a diminution into spectral grey. A fortunate sunbeam is caught by a window in the angel choir ; it flashes forth the symbolic flame of religion, art, and intellect. I wept when it went out.

But Ely awaits me. The Cathedral Church of St. Etheldreda comes between my eyes and the setting sun ; it is drawn in dark silhouette on pale blue. The octagonal lantern of Alan of Walsingham and the Norman western tower break the lengthy line of ridge keen against the light.

Still to be seen on one eventful afternoon is Cambridge, made illustrious by King's College Chapel. It has been a day passed amid scenery modified in the most impressive and inspiring manner by man ; his spirit has struck the fire of enthusiasm from the placid plains and has studded the earth firmament with the terrestrial stars of genius and of faith. *Sic itur ad astra.* I see the countenances of the counties and I love most of them.

BERNARD WHELAN.

*The Ascension.*

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRAY LUIS DE LEON.

**D**EPARTEST, Shepherd, so,  
Leaving Thy flock in this deep vale obscure  
To solitude and woe ;  
Whilst Thou, thro' ether pure,  
Unto Thine own immortal rest dost go ?

So happy erst, so blest !  
But now, how sad and how afflicted they !  
Cherished at Thy fond breast,  
Bereft of Thee, their stay,  
Ah, whither turn their orphan'd hearts for rest ?

What sight can fail to pain  
Eyes which upon Thy beauteous countenance  
Have gazed and gazed again ?  
What sound to please can chance  
Ears which have heard Thy voice's dulcet strain ?

Who now to Ocean's pride  
Shall hold the rein ? The winds so turbulent  
Who now to peace shall chide ?  
Now Thou art from us rent,  
What hand the storm-toss'd bark to port shall guide ?

Blest cloud, such task assign'd !  
But why athwart the welkin with such speed ?  
To us why so unkind ?  
Thy freight is rich indeed ;  
But poor and hapless are we left behind !

J. A. STORY.



*A New Arabian Night :*

THE STORY OF THE PHILANTHROPIST AND  
THE DRUG.

THEREUPON, night being now far spent, Shahrazad spoke to the Sultan : " Now will I tell thee a story of the latter days of the English Empire, nicknamed the Philanthropic, and how Philanthropy wrought a man's brain to the strange and famous madness which was the beginning of that great Empire's dissolution." And she accordingly related her story to the following effect :

Charles Ridgeley, Esq., of Errshaw Woods, was the most persuasive creature in the world ; for his capability of self-persuasion was unrivalled. After an honourable career at a Catholic establishment in the North, he had succeeded in winning the Doctorate of Science at the London University, which I believe to be a very rare distinction. But when by a few months he had passed his twenty-first year, his friends began to note in him a singular change. From days and nights of exuberant talk he passed into whole weeks of silence and melancholy manners. He ceased to visit his clubs, and an intimate friend, whose professional practice took him to White-chapel, declared that he had met Ridgeley in a dirty slum staring abstractedly at the long rows of low houses, and muttering strangely to himself. The world heard the tale with noisy horror.

For, in fact, a very odd influence had fallen upon Ridgeley. His easy spirit had been stormed by the persuasions of the philanthropic movements of his age, and the hardness of the pauper crisis had found in his meditations no resistance at all. In over-population he discovered the commonplace solution of the problem, and that solution pressed home with startling novelty. "Of what advantage," he would cry, standing in the lanes of Stepney, "these myriad vitalities crushing one against another in a degrading competition for bread? What ideals can they cherish who will pass like animals, uneducated and unfulfilled, productive only of a weakly offspring, schooled only in the squalour of pain without its spirituality." Thence his thoughts would wander to the lords of the poor, and in his contemplations of an overstocked world it was against these that his indignation deepliest burned. Dwelt there existent, he began to question himself, somewhere in the unimagined recesses of destructive Nature a drug potent enough to wipe out silently and securely the lives of populous masses gathered fortuitously together? Not that he thought to employ the drug in its malignant vocation; but to discover its essences, to hold between thumb and finger the solution of all philanthropy—the possibility affected him with a fever of expectant anxiety. He was at this time living in rooms overlooking the Green Park; but before the customary period of his London visit was half finished he left for the country with extreme suddenness. His departure and his previous deportment afforded matter for gossip at no less than four afternoon teas on the sequent day.

Six months later he returned to London secretly, and without communicating with those who had been his most intimate friends. One of these, indeed, told at his club that he had met a man whom he at first supposed to be Ridgeley; but the whiteness of the face and a haggard cast of the eyes had contradicted this first impression.

In his sitting-room at Piccadilly Ridgeley paced back and forth,

muttering strange words with irregular jerks. "It is feasible," he was saying; "forty thousand at a blow! God, what a harvest!" He stared out of the window, and in his disordered sight the black rain that swept along the edge of an overhanging cloud fashioned celestial letters of vast import, and deluged the earth with their dreadful alphabet, "OVER-POPULATION." He hurriedly tore sheet after sheet of notepaper from his writing-desk and wrote on each a message:

*To the Manager of the ——— Theatre.*

*Kindly send a ticket for a box on the upper tier for evening performance of Saturday, May 31st.*

CHARLES RIDGELEY.

He hastened with his letters to the nearest post office, comforting the dim protests of his sanity with the consideration that as yet nothing was irrevocable. He had not guessed that in him choice had been overmastered. His soul had slipped out of his hands, and he was become the slave of his Fate.

On the evening of May 31st he dressed with ordinary care; but a chill was on his blood, and a throbbing as though his pulses were beating in another body. He carefully sorted his tickets and placed them in his notebook. From a metal safe he then drew twenty white globules which he dropped into a double-pocketed pouch, stuffing into the other pocket a handkerchief smeared with a gelatinous substance smelling strongly of spices. After securing the pouch in his breast-pocket and possessing himself of matches, he left his rooms and directed his hansom to the opera.

A new piece, written by the most popular composer of Germany, was appointed for the night. A brilliant audience, among them the heiress to the throne, filled the house, and when Ridgeley entered his box the violins were tuning. With a slight tremour of hand he laid his pouch on a chair, and then leaned ut to view his victims; but his eyes were curiously strained,

and he could see nothing more than a blur of colours. His teeth chattered, his face burned, and his feet had gone ice cold.

The overture ended amid well-bred applause, and the curtain rose. Time was very precious, since nineteen theatres still awaited his offices. He made a selection from his pouch, which he replaced in his pocket, held the impregnated handkerchief to his face, struck a match, and tossed a globule alight and smoking into the open space of the house. Before reaching the ground the pillule augmented in volume, rose in the air, and, seething white on its outer crust, oscillated till it reached the size of a small balloon. Several people rose from their seats, and a dead hush fell upon the house. The orchestra ceased with a kind of wail, and the actors stood gazing at the phenomenon suspensive in mid air. In those five seconds of silence the door of a box slammed, and quick feet were heard hurrying along the outer gallery. Then the ball, expanded to its maximum, burst with a muffled sound, and, in an incredibly short space of time, a dense white vapour searched the house. As Ridgeley ran down the staircase, the cry of a single human voice issued from the inside and smote his ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

When expectant coachmen had waited before the doors of twenty London theatres until it was now past midnight, many of them apprehensively took the resolution to enter the buildings. In each house the same awful mystery was disclosed. Under the high electric light two thousand dead men and women sat staring at a stage upon which were stretched dead actors. A few bodies were huddled together here and there in little crowds, as though in rising hastily from their seats some had been overtaken by the poisoned vapour, and the servants of the theatres lay dead in the galleries whither the subtle smoke had spread. From one theatre alone—the last visited by the madman—one man had escaped.

The sky flashed with summer lightnings as Ridgeley hastened



past the railings of the Green Park ; but to his wild eyes the word of his dread spanned the heavens with every flash. ' Pour down your alphabet,' he cried to the welkin, tossing out his arms in an audacious gesture, " for it is dying by these hands." " And to-morrow," he whispered, as he opened the door of his lodging, " to-morrow we storm the churches."

On the morrow London was touched by an Egyptian sadness. The rumour was carried far and wide, and for once it was scarce possible to exaggerate. Large crowds, smitten with fear, rage, and helplessness, surged to the theatres, but somewhat timidly gazed into the twenty shambles. A great horror fell upon the city, and the streets near the Strand, though choked with people, remained nearly silent. The corpses were left untouched, and terrified comment passed in whispers from lip to lip. A few of the Catholic churches alone were attended at the early Masses, and it was to one of these in Holborn that Ridgeley bent his steps. Arrived there, he drew a chair to a pillar, behind which he quickly began his fiendish preparations. As the sulphur match cracked, a voice poignant with terror rose on the air with one cry : " The murderer ! " Ridgeley, who knew naught of the single escape, almost deemed it a revelation from Heaven. He dropped the lighted match, and leaving his smeared handkerchief on the chair, clapped his pouch into his pocket. Then he darted to the door and raced towards the Holborn Viaduct. As the wind struck his face, he heard the murmurs of a gathering crowd, and a few men whom he passed made as though they would arrest him. The noise behind increased, and he began to perceive that a number of men in front were forming themselves to stay his flight. He stopped, turned on his heel, and swarmed up one of the Viaduct lamp-posts. Then, as the crowd came with irregular speed along the road, he pulled out his matches, tore open his pouch, and setting all its contents on fire, cast them from him with a cry. The wind blew the growing globules

into the frightened faces of his foremost pursuers, while Ridgeley, with spasmodic motions and a despairing realisation, searched his pockets for his antidotic handkerchief. The globules burst, their white vapour swept round his perch, and men caught his grimace of overmastering horror as, with outspread fingers, he fell over the Viaduct, and his dead head crushed upon the pavement.

"But," concluded Shahrazad, as the dawn surprised her, "the previous deaths of so many persons of influence swept the path for that mob Government which effectually accomplished the ruin of England. Whence arose the proverb, 'A Moonstruck Philanthropist is the Assassin of Nations.'"

VERNON BLACKBURN.

## *The Story of a Conversion.*

### CHAPTER VI. *(Continued from p. 52.)*

#### THE KABBALAH : EUCHARISTIC DOCTRINE.

“**T**HIS Melchisedech, King of Salem, priest of the Most High God,”\* and the sacrifice of his priesthood, the bringing forth of bread and wine as a peace-offering after victory,† have always looked full of mystery to those whose

\* Hebrews vii. 1.

† “He brought forth bread and wine,” says Kalisch, a modern Jewish commentator, on Genesis xiv. 18, “not to refresh him [Abraham] or his men, for Abraham had among the booty of the enemies seized their large stores of provisions also, but to perform a symbolical ceremony, in which bread and wine had a typical meaning.” Nor, as we shall see, is this a new thought among the Jews. “God,” says Philo Judæus (“*Legum Allegoriarum*” l. iii. c. 25), “appointed Melchisedech, a king of peace—for that is the meaning of the word Salem—a priest to himself, without previously setting forth any work of his; but making him a king and a peaceful one, and first worthy of His priesthood. For he is also called king of justice; and a king is opposite to a tyrant, for a king is an author of law, but a tyrant, of lawlessness. . . . And let him bring to the soul aliments full of cheerfulness and joy. For he brings bread and wine, which the Ammonites refused the seer (Deut. xxiii. 4); for which reason they shall not enter into the congregation and assembly of the Lord. . . . But for water let Melchisedech bring wine, and let him give souls to drink and make them strong, that they may be possessed by a divine intoxication more abstinent than abstinence itself; for the priest is the Logos, having Him that is assigned to him by lot as his possession.” And, in Philo’s tractate, “*De Abraham*” (*versus finem*): “That great high priest of the Most Great God, beholding him returning safe and bearing trophies, and those who were with him also safe and sound—for he had lost none of them—astounded at the greatness of the deed, and, as was right, thinking that not without the Divine watchfulness and assistance had he been successful, lifting up his hands to Heaven, repays him with his prayers, and offered up the sacrifices in thanksgiving for the victory (*kai ta epinikia ethue*).” By his victory, which Philo interprets of a victory over the powers of evil, Abraham saved the land of Canaan, and laid in human law the foundation of a claim to possess it (Kalisch).

minds were penetrated with the spirit of the Old Testament. It will be well to dwell a little on this on account of the interest and importance of the points which come out in the course of the discussion.

In the first place, the oblation as described in Genesis was an unbleeding offering of bread and wine. This is the first time, except as to the sacrifice of Cain, which was rejected, that we hear of such an offering; though in the later Mosaic legislation unbleeding sacrifices, and, specifically, bread and wine, were accompaniments to and in some cases substitutes for the bleeding sacrifices. In the first instituted of the Mosaic sacrifices, the "Passover"—which, indeed, has been regarded as, like much else in the Tôrâh, a more ancient rite changed and also imbued with a new meaning\*—the Paschal lamb was eaten with unleavened bread; and wine was conjoined with this, whether as part of the Mosaic institution, or to bring it into closer conformity with the general law of sacrifice.† That an accom-

\* Cf. Exodus xii. 11: "It is *Jehovah's* pesakh," Pasch, or Passover; and Deut. xvi. 1-9. The words just quoted from Exodus are frequently alleged as an instance of "is" meaning "represents." But the "is" has been introduced by the translators; the Hebrew is "pesakh it to Jehovah." Pesakh evidently means "the feast, or celebration, of pesakh."

† To the unleavened bread St. Paul alludes in 1 Cor. v. 6, *sqq.*: "Cleanse out the old leaven that you may be a new mass, inasmuch as you are unleavened. For our Pasch also is sacrificed, even Christ; therefore let us keep the festival, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." The Eucharist was instituted at Our Lord's last Paschal or Passover Supper, at which, whether He anticipated the day (as some have supposed) or not, the ritual of the Hebrew Passover, and, consequently, the precept as to unleavened bread, would have been observed; and hence our use of unleavened bread for the Eucharist. As to the wine, the Mishna—the substance of which is practically contemporary evidence with that of the New Testament, since R. Yehudah only collected the most authentic Hebrew customs—formally lays down that four cups were to be used. The first was filled on sitting down to supper; and unleavened bread, and *merorîm* and *kharôseth*, rough-tasting herbs, and a sauce made with vinegar and other ingredients (cf. Matth. xxvi. 23, John xiii. 26), were placed on the table. With these the Paschal meal began; then a second cup of wine was filled, and the Paschal lamb was brought in, and eaten with the bread and the *merorîm* and *kharôseth*. "The third cup," says the Mishna (Talmud, Treatise "Pesakhim" c. x.), "is the cup of blessing, which is blessed after the food. Pure wine is



panying libation or drink-offering of wine was to be offered with the bleeding sacrifices which were instituted in pursuance of the covenant of Sinai, we learn from a variety of passages in the Tôrâh; and from the same passages the bleeding sacrifices will be seen to have been also accompanied by an oblation of bread, or of some preparation of corn used like bread in the East, with oil and frankincense.\* If, as we have found to be most likely, the original form of sacrifice among the Semitic races was the bleeding oblation, these accompaniments could at first have been only superadded gifts or presents over and above what ancient pre-Mosaic custom required. But on being formally exacted by the Law, they became—since they have the nature

poured in, and it is mixed with water in the cup," or chalice. It is scarcely possible to doubt that this was "the chalice also, after he had supped;" "the cup, in like manner, after supper" (Luke xxii. 20), in which the Eucharist was instituted after the ancient precept of the Mosaic Pasch had been fulfilled, especially as St. Paul says of it (1 Cor. x. 16), "the chalice of benediction," "the cup of blessing," "which we bless." Hence, by the way, the mingling of the wine with water in the Eucharist, which, however, has of course continued independently of any Jewish tradition. The Jewish tradition is independent evidence; Christians would have been prejudiced *against* anything also done by the Jews, rather than in its favour. Finally, there followed in conclusion, and therefore, as it were, by way of ablution, the fourth cup, after which was sung the second part of certain psalms (cf. Matth. xxvi. 30, Mark xiv. 26) of rejoicing called the Hallel. This second part consisted of Psalms cxv.—cxviii. in the Hebrew Bibles, and cxiii. 9, *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis*—cxvii., inclusive, as numbered in the Douai version. It was consequently called the cup of the Hallel, a word derived from Hallelujah or Alleluia. "The fourth cup," says the Mishna, "is that over which the Hallel is sung; and it adds the benediction of the hymn: "Let all Thy works praise Thee, O God, and, Blessed be he who created the fruit of the vine; and afterwards let no one taste it that night."

\* Exodus xxix. 40; Lev. xxiii. 13; Numbers xv. 3-12; xxviii.; xxix. The sin and trespass offerings were an exception. Being naturally of an austere character, no wine was offered with them; so that they thus retained more of what is to be presumed the ancient pre-Mosaic physiognomy of sacrifice among a pastoral people. Similarly, nothing of the nature of bread appears to have been presented along with the bleeding expiatory offerings; and though on account of the frequent necessity, and the consequent expensiveness of these, unbleeding might in case of poverty be substituted for bleeding expiatory sacrifices, no oil or incense was in these cases to be added (Lev. v. 11, Numbers v. 15), while the offering itself took the unelaborate and austere form of crude flour or meal, and that, in the jealousy offering, even of an inferior kind (Numbers v. 15.).

of food—essential elements in the sacrifices, so that by parity of reasoning we may conclude that the bread and wine of the Passover were part of the Paschal oblation itself. The Tôrâh, in fact, shows the beginning of a movement from the bleeding sacrifice or *zebhakh* to the unbleeding sacrifice or *minkhah*.\* This movement was destined to go farther than

\*The word *Minkhah* is derived from *manakh*, to give, and has two meanings, one broad and the other narrow. In the broad sense, it signifies a gift or present (e.g. in Genesis xxxii. 14, 19, 22; xliii. 11, 15, 22, 26; 2 Chronicles xvii. 5, 11; xxvi. 8; xxxii. 23; etc., etc.). This appears to be its signification in Genesis iv. 3—5, where the offerings both of Abel and of Cain are called *minkhah*, seemingly to convey the idea that they were presents, not yet regulated by fixed enactment, in which each gave what was under his hand. In the narrower sense, it is the distinctive appellation for an unbleeding sacrifice, whether presented by itself, or as the complement of a bleeding sacrifice (e.g. in Lev. ii. 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 14, 15; vi. 14, 15; vii. 9, 10; xiv. 10; xxiii. 16; etc., etc.). The term has greatly suffered in translation. The Douai renders it by "oblations of sacrifice," "oblations," "offerings," and "sacrifices"—expressions which are of course far too wide and general. The Anglican version gives the now somewhat misleading term meat-offering (which the Revised version very cleverly alters into meal-offering, changing only a letter) wherever at first sight it is obvious from the context, which it mostly is, that an unbleeding sacrifice is intended, and in other cases translates it by "sacrifice," "oblation," or "offering." Meal-offering is not a very happy equivalent. It is indeed in strictness applicable not only (a) to those cases in which the *minkhah* was merely a sprinkling of flour on the fire of the altar, as in the jealousy offering and the substituted sin-offering (Numbers v. 15, Lev. v. 11), but also (b) to those in which, physically to assist combustion, and typically as a sign of gladness, oil was mixed with it, as in the whole burnt-offerings. But the *minkhah* of the first-fruits of the earth—of bruised corn, a presentation of the produce of the harvest as nearly as possible in its original state, with oil and frankincense—can scarcely be called a meal-offering; and still less can that term be applied to the loaves or cakes of unleavened bread made with oil, or soaked in it, or anointed with it in the form of a cross, which, like the meal-offering (b) properly so called, were offered both separately (Lev. ii.), and with the peace-offerings (Lev. vii. 12, etc.)

In certain passages it is not at first sight obvious from the context that by a *minkhah* sacrifice an unbleeding sacrifice is intended. But in some of these (as in 1 Kings ii. 29; iii. 14; Ps. xxxix. [xl.] 7; Is. xix. 21; Jer. xiv. 12; Daniel iv. 27; Amos v. 25) it is expressly distinguished from the *zebhakh* or slain sacrifice. In others (as in Is. lvii. 6; Joel i. 9, 13; ii. 14) it is contrasted with the libation or drink-offering, which was the liquid counterpart of the solid unbleeding oblation, whereas there is no parity between the libation and the *zebhakh*. In others (as in Ps. xcv. [xcvi.] 7, 8; Jer. xli. 5; Zeph. iii. 10) it is represented as brought from a distance; and driven animals would be likely to be unfit for sacrifice. In others it is joined with incense, as in Ps. cxl. [cxli.] 2: "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight, and the lifting up of my hands as an evening *minkhah*"; and in Nehemiah xiii. 5, 9;

the Tôrah had carried it. The Law of Moses was only a preparatory discipline, a temporary institution ; it was already near to death when the New Testament replaced it. The outside world, by which, even against their own will, the Jews could not but be influenced, was coming to regard such sacrifices as that of Melchisedech as purer and more refined than the immolation of animal victims. These, it was true, brought out in the most striking manner possible that "the wages of sin is death," but their incidents—their killing, and flaying, and disjointsing, and the rest—came with advancing culture to look cruel and crude ; and we read of one Issachar, a priest, who wore gloves when sacrificing, to prevent his hands from being soiled.\* All this

Is. lxvi. 3 ; Jer. xli. 5 ; Daniel ii. 46. The incense was burnt on the altar at the same time as the *minkhah*, and it was the *minkhah* which, partly from the accompaniment of incense and partly from the oil clearing the flame, gave a sweet odour to the sacrifice (cf. 1 Kings xxvi. 1 ; Lev. xxvi. 32). In others (as in 3 [1] Kings xviii. 29, 36 ; 4 [2] Kings iii. 20 ; 1 Esdras [Ezra] ix. 4, 5 ; Daniel ix. 21) the offering up of the evening *minkhah* is used as a mark of time, and in 4 [2] Kings xvi. 15, as in the Psalm just quoted, the *minkhah* of the evening sacrifice is alone spoken of, though the entire sacrifice consisted of a bleeding as well as an unbleeding oblation (Exodus xxix. 38 ; Lev. vi. 9 ; Numbers xxviii. 3). The explanation of the seeming anomaly is that to those outside the temple, to the "general public," as we may say, the *minkhah* of the evening sacrifice was the only point in it they took cognisance of. The Hebrew day, unlike ours, began in the evening. Hence, indeed, the expression in the first chapter of Genesis : "The evening and the morning was the first day." The starting point of the Sabbaths and of all the feasts was consequently the declining light of eve, and it was of consequence to have a formal point of time to reckon them from. Such a standard was practically afforded by the evening sacrifice, which had to be offered before the expiration of the day which its observance closed, since otherwise it would have belonged to the day following. The animal part of the sacrifice, however, furnished no mark of time. Its successive stages were protracted ; for there was the laying on of hands, the binding and slaying of the sacrificial victim, the presentation of the blood, the flaying, and cleansing, and disjointsing, and placing on the altar, and the necessarily gradual burning in the altar fire, which would go on for hours. But its *minkhah* was applied in a moment. The flour, mixed with oil which blazed up at once, and the frankincense which was prodigally added, sent up a burst of flame and fragrant smoke which were conspicuous far and wide, and their appearance was taken as denoting the point of time at which the sacrifice might be fairly said to be actually offered.

\* Babylonian Talmud, Treatise "Mœd Yoma," fol. 35. The animal sacrifices were also those most exposed to abuse in times of religious declension. This happened in two ways, by defect and by excess. By defect : because as the



would naturally turn the minds of men to a sacrifice such as that of Melchisedech, which was, moreover, closer to the heart of nature. For the products of the earth and of the vegetable world are nearer to the universal mother than are the animals offered in sacrifice, and subsisting on these.

It need not surprise us, therefore, when we read in Malachi, "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, neither will I accept a *minkhah* at your hand." The *minkhahs* are not said to have been in themselves contaminated by the priests of the Old Law, who are here addressed ; but they were tainted by the abuses as to the bleeding sacrifices which they accompanied. "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, great My name among the Gentiles." The prophet here introduces the Gentiles or non-Jews as in a sort of religious rivalry to the Jews—"I do not need *your* offerings," as it were ; "God is able out of these stones to raise up children to Abraham." The prophet does not say "is great" or "shall be great" ; he avoids the copula ; and, in fact, the Divine name was great among the Gentiles then, for in preparation for Christianity there were growing up among them truer beliefs than hitherto as to the Divine nature ; and it was to be greater through the preaching of the Gospel among them. "But," he proceeds, "in every place incense offered to My name, and a pure oblation, for My name great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." An unbleeding

whole burnt-offerings were totally consumed on the altar, and therefore the ministers of the Temple cared little, when zeal was cold, what they provided for them. "When ye offer the blind for sacrifice," says the last of the prophets (Malachi i. 8), "is it no evil ? And when ye offer the lame and sick, is it no evil ? Present them to thy governor : will he be pleased with thee ?" No analogous defects are charged against the *minkhahs*. By excess : for in times of religious declension the peace-offerings had degenerated even into revels (Is. xxviii. 8 ; etc.) ; which could scarcely happen with only vegetable food. In the animal sacrifice, moreover, there were better and worse parts, and the better might tempt luxury (1 Kings, ii. 15-17), whereas the *minkhah*, both that which was consumed on the altar and that which was given to the ministers of the Temple for their own use, was of one quality. The whole of the flour and of the oil were of the same mass.



sacrifice is here \* unquestionably anticipated and predicted as the liturgical worship of the future ; and it is not to be that of the Tôrah. For the Tôrah rigidly restricted sacrificial worship to Jerusalem. But this unbleeding sacrifice is to be offered "in every place." We have thus a substitution of one sacrifice, and of one law, for another, in which "every man shall adore the Lord from his own place, all the islands of the Gentiles."

Now observe how this works out. In the systematic scheme of St. John's Gospel, which has as close, though not so obvious a symmetrical arrangement as the Apocalypse, we are told how that Eternal Spirit, the Word or Logos, Who was God, and in the beginning with God, was made ~~fresh~~ flesh and dwelt among us. We are next told how at His baptism the Holy Spirit descended upon Him in visible form. Then, after the baptism, comes a foreshadowing of the Eucharist, in the changing of water into wine. Next, in correspondence with the order of ideas in Malachi, we have the appearance in the Temple at Passover time, the "take these things hence," and the allusion to the temple of His body. Immediately after this comes a second reference to baptism, in this discourse with Nicodemus, where again we have the ideas of flesh and spirit introduced, and this is succeeded by the discourse with the Samaritan woman—a Gentile, and as such one of that vast multitude among whom the name of God was to be great—in which the Eucharistic allusion (for such we shall afterwards show it to be) to the fountain of water springing up unto life everlasting is again followed by a reference to the Jerusalem worship. Next, a second journey to Jerusalem,

\* Malachi i. 10, 11. The Jews interpret this new offering as being prayer. But *naghash*, the word here translated by offer, is never used of internal worship, nor of any external worship except that of true and proper sacrifice (Franzelin, "De Eucharistia," Romæ, 1868, p. 331). The mention of incense might to an English reader suggest prayer, *if he isolated it from the context*. But in the original we have not the usual word for incense, but *muqtar*, a participle of a verb meaning to cause a sweet odour, and frequently used of the *minkhah*—e.g., in Lev. ii. 2, 16.

† Soph. [Zeph.] ii. 21.

a persecution, another controversy in the Temple, is related. The discourse with the Samaritan woman about the water of life is, again analogous to the Eucharistic sixth chapter, in which there is reference to a supernatural water, the antitype of the spring from the rock in the wilderness by which the manna was accompanied ; and then this presently changes, as it were, into blood ; and the chapter is followed by an account of another journey to Jerusalem, and another conflict there. All this is certainly not accidental. The arrangement is too marked to have been undesigned ; and we can the less imagine it to be so when we notice that in the discourse to the woman of Samaria Our Lord is virtually expanding and commenting on the prophecy of Malachi, and is at the same time employing the same method as in the sixth chapter. The discourse in John iv. 7-24, to consider it more particularly, is divided into two parts by verses 16-18. The first relates to the fountain of life.\* The second has to do with the place where sacrificial worship was to be offered—for the reader would lose the whole sense of the passage if he omitted to keep this before his mind while perusing it. There was no controversy whatever between Jews and Samaritans as to where people might worship God by prayer or praise without sacrifice ; but everyone agreed that this might be done wherever it could be done with decency and reverence. Hence wherever Jews resided—not only in Palestine, but at Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, synagogues were erected by them for public worship. The implied question with which the second part of the discourse opened relates, therefore, to worship by sacrifice properly so called. “Sir,” asks the woman (verses 19-20), “I perceive that Thou art a prophet. Our fathers adored on this

\* “He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again ; but he that shall drink of the water that I will give him shall not thirst again for ever.” (John iv. 13). Compare, “I am the bread of life ; he that cometh to Me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst,” in the introductory part of the sixth chapter (verse 35). Compare also, “Lord, evermore give us this bread” (vi. 34) and “Sir, give me this water” (iv. 15).

mountain, and you say that at Jerusalem is the place where men must adore." By "on this mountain" and "at Jerusalem" she obviously means "on this mountain exclusively" and "at Jerusalem exclusively"; the Samaritans would have considered it as wrong to sacrifice at Jerusalem as the Jews would have thought it to be to sacrifice on the mountain of Samaria. Now we must not suppose Our Lord guilty of the fallacy of *ignoratio elenchi* or evading the point. His answer is: "Woman, the hour cometh, and now is, when you shall neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem adore the Father. You adore that which you know not; we adore that which we know; for salvation is of," or rather is from, "the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true adorers shall adore the Father in spirit and in truth. For the Father also seeketh such to adore Him. God is a spirit; and they who adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth." Put yourself in the position of one who never knew, or who, when he was reading these words, did not happen to remember, that Jews and Samaritans might, in conformity with their principles, worship anywhere they chose, and you will see that an ignorant, or (what is more common) an unreflecting reader, might make out of them almost anything he liked. He would wander over the deserts of his nescience, seeing the *Fata Morgana* here and there, and deluded by visions of imaginary oases. But pull yourself together, bear in mind that sacrificial worship is the topic, and Our Lord's declaration comes to this: "A new era is on its way, and, indeed, has been already inaugurated; and in it God shall be worshipped by sacrifice neither on this mountain alone nor in Jerusalem alone, but (as Malachi said) in every place." This, like the extension of the idea of the sin-offering in Christianity—for a Jew would have been perplexed, and even shocked, to hear that any sacrificial blood could take away all sin, which the Apostles declared to obtain as to the blood of Christ; like the sacrifice of Malachi, "from the rising to the setting of the sun"; and like the sacrifice

of Melchisedech, offered by one whose priesthood, though he was outside the narrow circle of the chosen people, was nevertheless higher than that of Abraham—was a truly enormous extension of the Jewish doctrine of sacrifice. There was consequently needed a correlative lifting of that doctrine. The act of Melchisedech, providential in itself, or providentially recorded, or rather both (if we do not ignore the sweep and majesty of the Divine Providence); presenting to the astonished thoughts of Israel a *minkhah*, a pure and unbleeding sacrifice, offered apart from membership of the chosen people and independently of the Jewish law, and yet by a priest to whom Abraham himself, the father of the Faithful, did homage, broadened and elevated that doctrine even in anticipation. Then—closing the roll of their prophets as Melchisedech had heralded the Abrahamic covenant—for the covenant with Abraham (Genesis xv.) is related to have followed on Melchisedech's sacrifice and blessing—comes Malachi, with his "in every place" and his "pure *minkhah*." And then, four hundred years after Malachi, and over a thousand years more after this Melchisedech, comes Our Lord, with his "in every place," and with his "in spirit and in truth."

Who, then, was this Melchisedech, whose name suggests the interpretation "king of justice" or "king of righteousness;" who was at the same time "King of Salem," or (which is what Salem means in Hebrew), "king of peace"? To us, he was a Canaanite king; the last and only recorded representative, Hengstenberg calls him, of the old Noachic priesthood, which in him blesses Abraham and the Abrahamic priesthood that is to keep alive the knowledge of God till happier times should come. But, as is not to be wondered at, the later Jews, with their reverence for Abraham, exhausted conjecture as to who or what he could possibly have been. Some said he was an angel; others, that he was the patriarch Shem, the son of Noah; to Philo, as we have already seen, he instantly suggests the Divine Logos. In Zohar, his



human personality melts away, and he appears as the Mediator, standing between two streams, one that of justice, and the other that of mercy, which ascend and descend between earth and Heaven. It may be well to quote a passage, though its mystical character renders it not very intelligible here and there:—

“And Melchizedek, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine.” Rabbi Simeon opened [his mouth], and said, “And in Salem was his dwelling-place.” Come and see! When the counsel of creating the world ascended into the will of God (Holy and Blessed is He!) He produced one primal flame of the lantern of Armenia.\* And a mighty wind blew†, and in the tempest was darkness.‡ And he made it bright§, and produced from the midst of the darkness of the abyss a single stream, and joined the flame and the stream to it in unity, and in it created the world.

The flame ascended and was crowned on the left hand, and the river ascended and was crowned on the right hand.|| Then they both ascended, and they changed places, so that each came to occupy the place of the other, and that which had descended [justice] ascended, and that which had ascended [mercy] descended; and they were bound together each to the other, and from between them went forth a Perfecting Spirit.¶ Thus were these two joined together in one, and it was brought to pass that each one was crowned by the other [mercy by justice and justice by mercy], and there was established Salem [peace] in the world

• The higher Paradise.

† “The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.” (Genesis i.)

‡ “And darkness was upon the face of the abyss.”

§ And God said: “Let there be light.”

|| The flame is the fire of judgment. In Zohar, Hengstenberg’s idea that the name *Elohim*, God, is a name of justice, and Jehovah, Lord, a name of mercy, is anticipated; and it is remarked that in the account of the Creation in the beginning of Genesis the word *Elohim* alone occurs, and that it occurs as many times as there are letters in the Hebrew alphabet. The beginning of the Creation of the world, the Kabbalists therefore inferred, was judgment; and in the passage quoted the red flame of justice is produced first, and the stream of mercy bursts forth only when it penetrates the darkness. The right hand, in the language of the Kabbalah, is the hand which receives the penitent; the left hand is the hand of death, which punishes the rebellious.

¶ A similar representation is given by Philo in his treatise “De Cherubim.” The two cherubim who guard the entrance to Eden are, he says, mercy and justice; and the flaming sword between them is the Logos.

above, and Salem in the world below. . . . \* And in conformity with this it is written, "And Melchizedek [the king of justice] was King of Salem [king of peace]." "King of Salem": this king is he who rules in integrity, the true King of Salem in the day of the expiation of the faces of glory."†

*A further exposition* :—"And Melchizedek was King of Salem." Rabbi Simeon said, God (Holy and Blessed is He!) willed that the priesthood [the Abrahamic and the Levitical priesthood] should here derive its source from this. For it proceeded from the words of Melchizedek: "Blessed be Abraham of the Most High God." In this he placed the blessing of the servant before the blessing of his master. And Abraham said to him: "Do you bless the servant first and the master only afterwards?" And therein the priesthood was given to Abraham; as it is written, "The oracle of Jehovah to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand;" and, following on this, it is written, "The Lord hath sworn and He will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever, according to the order [or style] of Melchizedek." And it is written, "He was priest to God Most High"; but it was not so as to his offspring.‡

\* What is omitted refers to a speculation on the letters YHVH, the four consonants of the name Jehovah.

† The day of expiation is the Great Day of Atonement (Lev. xvi.), in which the high priest, typifying Christ, entered into the Most Holy Place, bearing with him the blood of sacrifice; which is interpreted at length in the Epistle to the Hebrews (viii., ix.) of Christ entering into the heavens to present his sacrifice in the presence of God for us. The faces of glory are the two cherubim, one at each side of the propitiatory or mercy-seat. The idea of Zohar is that the reconciliation of justice and mercy by atonement makes Melchizedek truly King of Salem—makes the king of justice the king, not of terrors, but of peace.

‡ A similar idea, expressed almost in the same words, occurs in the Gemara of the treatise "Nidharim, or on Vows," in the Babylonian Talmud. "God (Holy and Blessed is He!) designed to cause the priesthood to arise from Shem," as it is written in the blessing pronounced on him by Noah, that God should dwell in the tents of Shem; "but because he"—that is, Shem, for it was one of the Jewish conjectures about Melchisedech that he was Shem—"blessed Abraham before he blessed the Most High God, he caused it to issue from Abraham; for he said: 'Blessed be Abraham of the Most High God, possessor of Heaven and earth'; and," only afterwards: "Blessed be the Most High God." ("Nidharim" chapter iii., *in fine*; Babylonian Talmud, Ed. Warsaw, 1867, vol. vi. p. 32, *verso*.) The effect of this Talmudic exposition would be to negative the Messianic interpretation of Psalm cix. [cx.], the *Dixit Dominus Domino meo*, by making the declaration in its fourth verse, *Tu es sacerdos in æternum, secundum ordinem Melchisedech*, refer not to the Messiah, but to Abraham. According to "Nidharim," evidently Melchizedek was deposed from his

*A further exposition* :—"And Melchizedek."\* That is the world below. "King of Salem." That is the world above ; which is crowned one in one without distinction between it and

high priesthood for blessing Abraham first ; and such whimsical interpretations are common in the ancient Jewish writings. In Zohar we have a *commencement* of the same idea, but it is not carried out ; and Melchisedech, whom it calls (Zohar, vol. ii., *prope initium*) the Jerusalem on high—priest, and altar, and sacrifice, and surroundings, all in one—had no successors properly so called, because he retained his priesthood himself (Genesis xiv. 20). A successor is one who takes on the office or function of another after he has vacated it from death or other causes. But according to Zohar the high priesthood of Melchisedech is an everlasting priesthood. The same is the conception of the Targum, or ancient Jewish Chaldee paraphrase, on Genesis xiv. 18—"Melchizedek," it says, "then and to-day, ministers before God Most High." Nor does the point of view in the Psalm appear to be different. "Thou art a priest for ever," it says, "according to the order," or fashion, "of Melchizedek." What, then, is it to be a priest according to the order of Melchizedek? It is to be a priest for ever. And what is it to be a priest for ever? Are not all priests priests for ever? In a sense, yes ; in that sense, to wit, in which it is said : "Once a priest, always a priest." How, then, is Christ, the typical Melchizedek, in any especial sense a priest for ever? Because he continues to exercise the high-priestly function, whereas other priests at death resign the *exercise* of their priesthood, and leave it to their successors. The high priest among the Hebrews could, of course, do whatever was allowable to the other priests ; but his special ministry, that by which his high priesthood was distinguished from the ordinary *sacerdotium* of the Levitical priests at large, was his completion of the great annual sacrifice of the Day of Atonement by sprinkling the blood of the sacrifice in the Holy of Holies, beyond the veil. The veil typified the separation between this world and the next ; to be beyond the veil was, as it were, to be in Heaven. The high priest was for the moment within the veil, but yet he was only a mortal man ; he had to die, and to be succeeded by others. But what of a high priest who should find in the veil of death a curtain no more impassable to his office than the typical veil of the Temple—who going beyond it would continue to exercise the especial sacrificial function of his high priesthood? Being now endued with immortal life, his ministry would continue as long as there were any to be ministered for ; no question of transference to successors could be entertained ; and he would be "a high priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech." "Well," it may be asked, "but how was Melchisedech's priesthood more a priesthood for ever than that of any other priest? Did he not die like other men?" The answer appears to be that from a very early time a mystical significance had been attributed to him ; otherwise, indeed, we can scarcely understand the words of the Psalm : "A high priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek," expanded, as they are in those of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that he was "without father.

\* The typical Melchizedek—the historical person having by this time been altogether left behind—is here conceived as extending, like a pillar of fire and light, between Heaven and earth, the world above and the world below. At the base of the pillar is justice, the red consuming embers from which the fire is nourished. In the upper part the heat is combined with mercy, which, like the white flame, gives light and confidence.



the other.\* The two worlds are as one. "And he brought forth." This comprehends the world below ; it is one. "He

without mother, without genealogy ; having neither beginning of life, nor end of days ; but made like the Son of God, and abiding a priest perpetually" (Hebrews vii. 3). This verse made Lightfoot think that Melchizedek was not a human being. The truth rather is that the incidents selected for being recorded about him are conceived by the inspired writer as designed to bring out his typical character—that no birth, or death, or father, or mother, being mentioned, is not without intentional design to set him forth as a type of the Son of God ; so that on the other hand the incidents which *are* mentioned—his blessing Abraham and his sacrifice of bread and wine—would, by parity of reasoning, be selected for record on account of their typical significance.

But while the Melchisedechian priesthood is, to use the expression in Hebrews vii. 24, *aparabatos*, or not of such a nature as to be handed on from one to another, the conception both of the Epistle to the Hebrews, of Zohar, and of the Psalm, is that it is participated in by others. As to the Epistle, a high priesthood supposes priests under it. As to Zohar, Melchisedech communicates a special priesthood to Abraham, without losing his own—as the sun does not cease to be the orb of day because he sheds on us his light. And in the Psalm, the high priest is attended by a priestly following. "Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek." "Thy people shall be willing," shall be voluntary offerings, as the martyrs were, not needing bonds or compulsion, "in the day of thy strength," in the day when thou summonest thy hosts to go forth to battle and to victory. "In beautiful holy" garments, in the attire, not of a common soldiery, but of the priesthood, "from the womb of the morning," fresh and clear as the dewdrops of sunrise, "to thee as dew [is] thy youth," thy soldiers who follow thee.

\* According to the ancient Oriental philosophy on which Zohar proceeds, the world above, also called the world to come, contains in a more exalted and, as it were, ethereal form the archetypes or antitypes, the models or patterns, of everything that exists below (confer Exodus xxv. 9, Hebrews ix. 2). All earthly objects are, as it were, imprints or copies taken in matter from these higher analogues ; nay, the higher and heavenly essence of the archetype lies cloaked and concealed within the veils of matter, beneath the accidents and species of the material object ; and matter is in fact nothing but a *cortex* or bark, hiding from our dull eyes the to us invisible reality within. If, therefore, we could see the visible world to its core—if our senses could penetrate beneath the *cortex*, we should see in it the invisible world ; and the two worlds are thus essentially one. There is, however, this to be considered, that in the Kabbalistic philosophy the *cortex* or "bark" has an activity of its own ; otherwise it would not conceal what is hidden within it, but would manifest it like a translucent glass. The *cortex* is in fact an evil, and, indeed, a demoniacal influence ; and its activity shows itself in presenting to our senses deceptive appearances behind which there is no corresponding reality. The *cortices* thus give rise to a world of Maya or illusion, such as is frequently referred to in the New Testament. The activity of the higher world, on the other hand, shows itself in filling symbols with corresponding realities : the bread and wine of bodily nourishment, for example, with the bread and wine of eternal life ; and this is the work of the typical Melchisedech as to the objects which he consecrates in the exercise of his priesthood. How closely this approaches to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist need not be insisted on to an intelligent reader.



brought forth bread and wine." The two 'elîn\* are in it. "And he was priest of God Most High." The priest of the world, by means of the world. "And he was priest." There is the right hand. "Of God Most High." There is the world above. Thus does the priest of whom we speak stand between the two worlds to bless the world. Come and see. This lower world receives the blessing, when it is united with its high priest; for it is then that he blesses it, and says, "Blessed be Abraham of God Most High."—Zohar, vol. i., pp. 172, 173. Ed. Willna, 1882.

That these mystical ideas in the Kabbalah are of very great antiquity, is shown by our finding the substance of them in the writings of Philo, which are older than the New Testament.

\* The word 'elîn has several significations; and was very probably selected here for that very reason. (1) It means *these*; and so taken, the sentence would read: "These two," *i.e.*, the bread and the wine, "are in it," in the world below, from which Melchizedek takes the materials of his offering. (2) It means *mighty ones*. Taken in this sense, the meaning would be: "The two mighty ones are in it." Life and death, mercy and judgment, have just been referred to in the context; and these two, called *Khochmah* (Wisdom) and *Bînah* (Understanding), were the second and third of ten effluences conceived by the Kabbalists to proceed from the incomprehensible nature of the Deity and denominated the ten Sephiroth. The first of the ten was *Cether*, the Supreme Crown, regarded as, after the Divine essence, "the oldest of all that is old, the most hidden of all that is hidden," from whom proceeded *Khochmah*, a light or river of wisdom, on the right hand; and *Bînah*, a fire and brightness of judgment, on the left. The three present an evident analogy to the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. The other seven, called the Sephiroth of construction, are Magnificence (or Bounty) and Triumph (or Eternity), placed on the right hand beneath *Khochmah*, so as to form a triad with it; Might (or Severity) and Glory (or Praise), placed similarly in a perpendicular column beneath *Bînah*; and Beauty, the Foundation, and the Kingdom (or Lower Crown) placed as a third triad beneath *Cether*, so as to form with it a middle column. The whole are so arranged as adornments to a human figure—the Supreme Crown, for instance, being on the head, Wisdom on the right breast, Magnificence on the right arm, and Triumph on the right thigh; while on the left breast, arm, and thigh respectively are Understanding, Fortitude, and Glory. From another point of view they are the figure itself. (3) In the third place, 'elîn means trees; and in this sense the meaning would be "the two trees are in it." What two trees? The tree of knowledge and the tree of life. What is the tree of life? According to the Kabbalah, it is a tree producing a mystical bread typified by the manna, and to be given by the Messiah. What is the tree of knowledge? A mystical vine, say the Kabbalists, of which the vines of the world below are symbols; and the transgression of Adam was that he unlawfully took of its fruit, which is reserved in its grapes till the days of the Messiah. When Noah became a husbandman, as Adam had been before him, and planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine, and was

Philo, who, as we have seen identifies the Logos with Melchisedech, tells us, for instance, that he is the Mediator between Heaven and earth, penetrating all things, and offering up wine, "himself not differing from the cup," which he pours out for God and for his servants ("De Somniis," i. 38 ; ii. 37, 38).

But to revert to the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel, what is meant there by "in spirit and in truth"?

The word here translated by spirit is *pneuma*. The primary signification of *pneuma* is double, breeze and breath, and it is derived from *pneo*, to breathe or blow, as the Latin *spiritus* is derived from *spiro*, and the English *ghost* and *gust* from some old Teutonic term of the same or similar signification. To us, with our air pumps and barometers, air is obviously material. To the ancients it was a mysterious somewhat, invisible, intangible, more subtle than clouds and indeed than anything else but light and heat, and shown by the constant need for respiration to be most intimately connected with life. There is, however, no real reason for supposing that it was ever thought of as being immaterial or spiritual in our sense of the word. Light, with its swiftness and its power of passing through transparent substances without disturbing them, was a much closer type of immateriality or incorporeity. The word *pneuma* is again and again applied in the New Testament to God, angels, demons,

drunken, and was uncovered within his tent (Genesis ix. 10), the secret of the wisdom contained beneath the letter of the passage, is, comments R. Simeon (Zohar, vol. i. p. 145, *recto et verso*), that he desired to make trial of the transgression which was the destruction of the first Adam, though he did not intend to persist in it ; and the beauty of the world above was profaned in his tent, which was the tent or tabernacle of the Lord, where Dathan and Abiram also drank the mystical wine that was before Jehovah.—What makes me think the choice of the equivocal word *'elin* to be intentional, is that its three significations only bring out correlative phases of the same meaning. Melchisedech offers bread and wine ; and the visible bread and wine are the produce of the lower world. But he also himself pervades, as it were, the world below ; and in the bread and wine he offers himself ; and bread corresponds to flesh, and wine to blood. Bread and flesh further correspond to mercy and the Khochmah, and wine and blood to judgment and to Bînah ; and in his higher nature he is both combined ; while in the one is the fruit of the tree of life, and in the other the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

and souls. But it is never made use of in passages where, as in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, it is the purpose of the writer to insist on the immaterial nature of the Deity. The idea intended to be conveyed by it is always that of moving, actuating, interpenetrating, being embodied in something else. Thus Christ is called a quickening Spirit ; he is not immaterial, but life-imparting. Evil spirits are called *pneumata* ; but it is when they are spoken of as breathed into and governing bodies, in the case of the demoniacs. Good angels are called *pneumata*, but only when they are described as inspiring and moving lower beings, as in "Are they not all ministering *pneumata* sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation." The name *pneumata* is never applied to them in so far forth as they are exercising an immaterial and wholly heavenly ministry. Human souls are not denominated *pneumata* except when they are regarded as (to use a cant term) "materialising ;" they receive this name only when they are conceived of as embodying themselves in a seemingly corporeal form, as when it is said that on seeing Our Lord for the first time after His resurrection, the Apostles imagined they were looking on a *pneuma*. The Third Person of the Blessed Trinity receives the name of the *Pneuma Hagion* or Holy Spirit, not because He is more spiritual in our sense of the word—*i.e.*, is more immaterial—than the First Person or the Second, but because He is the active impulse proceeding from the Divine life, or (as the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has put it), the side of the Trinity most turned toward the Creation, the breath of life imparted to it, the subtle and penetrating vital principle by which it is as it were animated. Again, in the phraseology of the New Testament, three powers or phases of the human soul, the *pneuma* or "Spirit," the *nous* or deliberative understanding, and the *psuché* or animal soul, are frequently distinguished. Of these, the human *pneuma* is the faculty by which the soul especially enters into communication with the



divine, but there is no reason to believe that it was thought of as more spiritual, in the metaphysical sense of spiritual, than the *nous*. Now what, as a linguistic or philological fact, is the reason of this terminology? The answer is that *pneuma* and its Hebrew and Aramaic equivalent *rûakh* originally denoted air in motion, and not air at rest or in itself. Air in itself is too impalpable to engage the attention of primitive mankind, even had it been possible for them to discover, or to infer by such reflections as they were likely to use, the existence of a thing of which no sense takes cognisance. The senses reveal only the impurities and the fragrances in the air, the clouds and vapours, the impetus of the winds or in the movement of breathing. The fact that all words for air at rest are derived from words for air in motion goes to show that the existence of the former was detected later than that of the latter. Until air at rest was recognised, the winds can have been thought of only as mysterious impulses proceeding from an invisible power dwelling in the distant sky, "blowing where they list," breathed forth into the lower creation—absorbed by it—and becoming to it the breath of life. The movement of respiration would be regarded as a derived phenomenon in man. "God is spirit"—not God is *a* spirit, as the English versions have it—thus means "God is an active, penetrative, actuating influence," and there is very probably also an allusion to the atmospheric *pneuma* "breathing where it listeth," which is one of the principal subjects of the preceding chapter (John iii. 1-11). "The true adorers must adore Him in spirit" means that the adoration is to flow down from the human *pneuma*, the religious and most mysterious part of the soul, the organ of communication with the Divine Pneuma, which acts on the other parts of human nature in and through it. So acting, the Divine Spirit "searcheth all things, even the deep things of God, so that we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery" (1 Cor. ii.). A sacrificial worship which is "in spirit"—whose guiding principle is not the animal



soul or *psuche*, which is sunk in sense and bodily feeling, nor yet merely the *nous* or understanding, but the higher *pneuma*—will consequently be also a worship “in truth.” The meaning of this “in truth” is that the worship penetrates below the outward appearance. The phrase obviously refers back to the expression “true adorers,” employed a few words previously. And the word *alethinos*, there employed for “true,” is not the usual Greek word for “true,” but is used repeatedly by St. John in his Gospel, in his first Epistle, and in the Apocalypse, occurs several times in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and is to be found only twice in the rest of the New Testament.\* It signifies that which something else symbolises or copies. The following examples illustrate its meaning: “This is the true light,” that is, the Logos is what the physical light symbolises. “Herein is the saying true, one soweth and another reapeth”; the sowing and reaping of the harvest typify that of the harvest of souls. “I am the true vine”; I am that of which the vine is a symbol. “The true tabernacle”; the tabernacle of which that made by Moses was an imperfect representation. “These things saith He that is holy, He that is true”; He whose holiness is the original of which all other holiness is a reflection, and Whose truth is the rule by which all other truth is measured.† A worship “in truth” is thus one which contains the reality which is elsewhere only symbolised.

So much for Melchisedech, the insistence on the typical character of whose sacrifice has been shown not to be a novelty, but antecedent to Christianity. So much for Malachi’s oblation, extending like Melchisedech’s, beyond the sphere of Israel,

\* In Luke xvi. 11: “If then you have not been faithful in the unjust mammon, who will trust you with that which is the *true*,” *i.e.*, with that which riches symbolise; and in 1 Thess. i. 9: “Ye turned to God from idols,” from representations having the outward aspect of Divine life and majesty, but entirely devoid of the attributes thus externally symbolised, “to serve a living and *true* God.”

† John i. 9, iv. 37, xv. 1; Hebrews viii. 2; 1 John ii. 8; Apoc. iii. 7.

and shown in the preceding pages not to be prayer. So much for that much disputed passage about worshipping in spirit and in truth, where, in connexion with the common talk about "spiritual" worship, the meaning in which the words spirit and in spirit are taken has been established; and that the passage relates to sacrificial worship has been proved by a very obvious argument. A sacrificial worship which is "in truth," is thus one which contains the reality symbolised in the previous worship through sacrifice, with which Our Lord here contrasts it. A worship in spirit is, as is that of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, one of faith as distinguished from one of sight. A worship in every place recalls the "in every place" of Malachi; and his pure *minkhah* recalls the unbleeding offering of Melchisedech. The *minkhah*, the unbleeding sacrifice, was a supplement to the bleeding sacrifices; and such is the Eucharist in relation to the Sacrifice of the Cross. The peace-offerings were the completion sacrifices of the Old Law, and to this class the Eucharist belongs; while such also, when he brought forth for Abraham bread and wine, was the oblation of "This Melchisedech."

Wherever the details of the theory of sacrifice have been clearly and consistently thought out, a variety of purposes or aims with which sacrifice might be offered have been distinguished, and the details of the rite have been adapted to the intention of the oblation. The Law recognises three kinds of sacrifice from this point of view: the burnt-offering, the sin-offering, and the peace-offering. As to this last point, it is of importance to know that the Law recognises three such kinds of sacrifices: the burnt-offerings, the sin and trespass offerings, and the peace-offerings or Eucharistic sacrifices, of each of which a sketch is given in the first few chapters of Leviticus; and it is a striking indication of the antiquity of this threefold division, that the same three kinds of sacrifice are spoken of in almost the same order in the Phœnician inscription of Marseilles. This inscription is

a temple-tariff for "all feasters at the table of the gods." Among the items are: "For an ox, whether as burnt sacrifice, or expiatory offering, or thank-offering, shall be given to the priests ten shekels of silver on account of each. And if it be a burnt sacrifice, they shall have, besides this payment, three hundredweight of the flesh. And if the sacrifice be expiatory, they shall have the fat and the additions, and the offerer of the sacrifice shall have the skin, and the entrails, and the rest of the flesh."\* This appears to carry back the date of the division to the time when Hebrews and Phœnicians were side by side in Egypt. But the meaning of the burnt-offering was abandonment to Jehovah. For this a return would be expected; but the ritual of the sacrifice did not symbolise this, and confined itself to the simple idea of self-surrender. The whole oblation was entirely given up by the offerer, who received nothing back, and did not offer the sacrifice as a penalty for any particular sin he had committed or in prayer or gratitude for any particular favour he had received or hoped to receive, but gave it simply as an act of homage, adoration, and worship. The difference between the sin and the trespass offerings has vastly exercised the ingenuity of the learned. Let it suffice us that both were vicarious expiations, the death of the sacrificial victim being substituted for that of the human being who had committed the offence. Just at first sight, of course, this looks like "Somebody or something shall suffer, but it does not matter who or what"; and we reach the solution only in the death of Christ, in which moral substitution took the place of physical substitution. But the sin and trespass offerings were not only a representation of death for sin, a reminder and picture of it set forth as a visible warning to the worshippers. They were also fines, and that to a very real and often most trying extent; because a distinct and separate sacrifice had to be given for each individual trans-

\* The "Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum," I., 8; Rawlinson, "Phœnicia."

gression. One offence did not exempt from paying the penalty due to another ; and the case was as if a Christian were required to cause a Mass to be said for each venial sin he fell into. The sin and trespass offerings did not cover grave delinquencies. To have allowed adulterers, perjurers, blasphemers, murderers, or other classes of criminals, to escape with impunity when they had offered a sacrifice, would have been incompatible with anything like administration of civil justice. The Mosaic expiatory offerings were therefore restricted to three classes of venial offences : those which would have been grave if wilfully and knowingly committed, but were venial because indeliberate ; venial transgressions to the civil punishment of which the offender had already submitted himself ; and those (likewise venial) which from defect of evidence could not be reached by legal process. Even so, the sacrifice only restored him to his outward place in the community of Israel, or (as it is expressed in the New Testament) availed only to the purifying of the flesh ; and whether he was spiritually the better for it depended simply and entirely on his own dispositions. Before offering it, he had—as in the Christian religion and in others which insist on a moral code—to go to Confession, partly to test his sincere piety in the oblation, partly to ascertain whether his transgression was covered by the sacrificial laws, and, if so, under what law it fell, and partly to ascertain whether the reparation or restitution which he proffered was sufficient under the circumstances.\* The ritual of the sin and trespass offerings had an obvious correlation with their occasion and motive. The application of the blood was more specific and significant ; it was not merely sprinkled or poured out at the base of the altar,

\* See Lev. v. 1-6, vi. 1-7 ; Numbers v. 5-10. Sin-offerings had also to be made for breaches of the law committed quite innocently and ignorantly. The offender was bound to come forward on ascertaining that he had transgressed (Lev. iv.), not only to prevent others from being suspected, but also to secure a higher standard of observance.



but made to touch the horns of the altar, or sprinkled in the Holy Place, or even in the Most Holy Place (Lev. iv., xvi.). Only the fat, the richest and most combustible part, was consumed in the altar flame; but the rest, as the sacrifice had the nature of a fine, was not returned to the offerer, but fell to the priests when they had not been concerned in the offence for which it had been offered, and when they had been so concerned—such cases being those in which the blood was sprinkled in the Holy or in the Most Holy Place—was burnt outside the camp.\* But there was no unbleeding

\* To this there is plain reference in the concluding chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which terminates, as do many other compositions, by a series of brief allusions, not worked out into detail, to a variety of connected subjects, of which each suggest the next. "Do not attend," they begin, "to Jewish prohibitions of unclean food." Why? "Because we have an altar whereof they have no power," permission, "to eat which serve the tabernacle." That altar is the Cross; its sacrifice is the Christian sacrifice. This leads on to the explanation why those who serve the tabernacle—whether Jews, or Christians who still continued to follow the injunctions of the Mosaic law, for the correction of whose error the Epistle was written—might not, according to their principles, partake of the Christian sacrifice. The reason is that that sacrifice is a sin-offering both for priests and people: "The bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the Holy Place by the high priest for sin, are burnt without the camp." This again suggests that Our Lord was crucified outside the gates of Jerusalem:—"Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people by His own blood, suffered without the gate." Passing on from this, the reflection next occurs that Christian Jews ought not to hesitate to obey the dictates of conscience by leaving the Jewish pale, in spite of the obloquy to which their doing so would subject them:—"Let us go forth therefore to Him without the camp, bearing His reproach; for we have not here an enduring city, but we seek one that is to come." This in turn suggests the idea that the surrender should not be grudging, but cheerful. So with a reminiscence of the idea of peace-offerings, which alone could be partaken of by the offerers, and had been alluded to in the "We have an altar," etc., some verses before, the Epistle subjoins, "By Him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise always to God, that is, the fruit of lips confessing to His name." He is now no longer thinking of the literal partaking from the altar, which was in his mind a few verses before when he wrote or dictated that "we have an altar of which they have no power to partake which serve the tabernacle." The process of writing, not in a running-hand and on paper, but on parchment, or on papyrus, and in capital letters, was slow and difficult; and in the course of a sentence or two many turns of thought might succeed one another. What are now before his mental vision are the hymns of praise with which the peace-offerings were celebrated. This reminds him that they were kind and numerous gatherings. A share was not refused to poor, but pious, worship-

expiatory sacrifices except for cases of poverty ; because of the general principle of the law that "the soul," the *nephesh*, *psuché*, *anima*, the central originating and compacting principle, the root of bodily life and desire, "of the flesh is in the blood, and i have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls : and the blood may be an expiation for the soul,"—literally, "for the blood, it, by means of the soul, makes atonement."\* The third kind of sacrifice, which has been variously called the peace-offering, thank-offering, finishing offering, payment offering (for a blessing received or hoped for), offering of salvation, and Eucharistic offering, was of three species :—the *sebhach hat-tôdhah* or praise-offerings, often called simply *tôdhah*, just as a sin-offering is called simply "sin" ; the votive offerings, made at the completion of a vow ; and the freewill offerings, made independently of any vow, and an accompaniment of supplicatory prayer.† In these, when they were bleeding sacrifices,

pers ; and he adds : "To do good and to impart forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." But sometimes the joyous religious festival went too far, as we know by scandals both in Hebrew history and in the Corinthian Church (Is. xxviii. 8 ; 1 Cor. xi. 21) ; so he concludes with an "Obey them that have the rule over you," and the rest ; and the pen is taken up again only to ask their prayers, to give his blessing ; and to request a favourable reception for the Epistle, and add a few words about Timothy, and a salutation (Hebrews xiii. 9-25).

\* Lev. xvii. 11, cf. Delitzsch, "Biblical Psychology," pp. 282-285, referring to R. Abraham ben David and others (English translation, Clark, Edinburgh, 1869).

† Cf. Kurtz, "Sacrificial Worship of the Old Testament" (Clark, Edinburgh, 1863), pp. 251-264. In 2 Cor. v. 21, "Him," *i.e.*, Christ, "Who knew no sin, hath He," God, "made sin for us," St. Paul, by sin, evidently means sin-offering. It frequently happens that where the translations have sin-offering, the Hebrew has only sin ; *e.g.*, in Lev. iv. 3. Similarly of thank-offerings ; so that we are not to conclude that a literal sacrifice is not meant from the fact that the word sacrifice is not expressed, but must bear in mind the elliptical character of the language and judge by the context. Thus in Jer. xvii. 26, "They shall come . . . bringing burnt-offering, and victim, and minkhah, and bringing acknowledgment (*tôdhah*) into the house of the Lord ;" and in Jer. xxxiii. 11, the words *sacrifices of* are rightly introduced in the Anglican versions before "praise" and "thanksgiving," by which *tôdhah* is there translated.

the same parts were consumed on the altar as in the sin and trespass offerings ; but the peculiarity of the sacrifice was that, after certain portions had been given to the priests, the rest of the offering was returned as from the altar to the offerers, who then partook of it in a joyful meal or festival before Jehovah, that is, at the tabernacle or Temple (Deut. xii. 12, etc.) They thus were made guest friends of Jehovah, partakers of the sacrifice, of the same food that had been offered to Himself ; partakers of the altar, which thus became, not only the table at which He Himself received food, but the table from which He gave that sacred food to His people. It is well known that some of our non-Catholic friends who are unfamiliar with the Holy Scriptures, imagine that in calling the Christian altar the Lord's table they are no longer calling it an altar. These facts show that the very contrary is the case. Lord's table is a much more emphatically sacrificial expression than the Latin *altare* or the English word altar, which by their derivation mean merely something raised or elevated, and suggest the idea of sacrifice only in an indirect manner. It is a more expressive synonym for altar. Thus we read in Malachi i. 7—I quote the Anglican version, because it is more convenient than to refer non-Catholics to the Douai, which they might distrust—"Ye offer polluted bread," *i.e.*, food, "upon Mine altar ; and ye say : 'Wherein have we polluted Thee ?' In that ye say, 'The table of the Lord is contemptible.'" Again, in verse 12 of the same chapter : "Ye have profaned it," My name, "in that ye say the table of the Lord is polluted, and the fruit thereof, even His meat, is contemptible." Again, in Ezechiel xli. 22 : "The altar of wood was three cubits high . . . and he said unto me : 'This is the table that is before the Lord.'" It is, indeed, from this partaking, with God of the same food that the Holy Communion receives its name of Communion, first given to it by St. Paul in this connexion ; for that he uses the name in this account will at once be seen on perusing the tenth and eleventh chapters of the First Epistle to

the Corinthians ; if the general theory of sacrifice be borne in mind by the readers. "Table of devils" means heathen altars.

X. Y. Z.

*(To be continued.)*



*Bournemouth.*

**A** TINY stream of rare limpidity for England, which is a land of muddy waters, first suggested the building of an inn within the shelter of the little ravine through which it bubbles to the sea. This was some forty years ago, since which the Bournemouth of to-day has grown up and spread itself loosely over the sides of the little valley and along the tops of the sand-cliffs through which the valley breaks. Beer, it may therefore be presumed, collected the beginning of a population and bound them in a bond of fellowship. Catholic, Ritualistic, refined, eminently polite are the results to-day. Notwithstanding which refinement and Ritualism, the pilgrim who alights at the Eastern Station will be somewhat taken aback by a coarse and ugly suburb ; and, indeed, throughout the little town an anti-rural rowdy element makes itself strongly felt. There is especially a cheap and nasty suggestion about the shops, which are obtrusive. Nor have the good examples of a church by Norman Shaw, and a church and schools by Street, influenced greatly the builders of the place. With two or three very rare exceptions among the newer houses, Bournemouth is an ill-built place ; though, owing to the blessed absence of the regulation watering-place esplanade, we have there no rows of flimsy lodging-houses with bay windows craning at all angles for glimpses of the sea. A beach (the

loose sand of which blows freely into the eyes of the population when there is a sea wind) without rock or shingle, serves well for bathing purposes, the more as the bottom is shallow and the current slight ; a pier like a centipede suffices for a seaside lounge ; and a truly exquisite public garden which winds down on either side of the little<sup>o</sup> Bourne from half-a-mile beyond the town to the seashore, yellow with broom and silvery with pampas grass, is decidedly the distinctive feature of the place.

Of all pious seaside towns (and seaside towns have a piety of their own) none exhibits the virtue in a more determined manner than Bournemouth. Bournemouth goes to church and chapel indomitably. Bournemouth *en dimanche* is a sight to strike and awaken the most callous conscience ; and the *bourgeoisie* apart, I should hesitate to pay the Londoner's habitual Sunday call among these serious shades—except, indeed, at the Catholic houses which have been neither few nor unimportant in the winters, though nearly empty during the more or less Cockney seaside season. A Jesuit mission brings down with it an environment and many a face familiar in Mayfair, set in the homely garb of studied simplicity, will be recognised at the services in the Bournemouth Oratory of the Sacred Heart.\* Otherwise, asceticism has no place in the prosperous piety of the natives ; while the Catholic *noblesse* goes to early Mass in sober garments chapels and churches, of I know not what fine shades of sectarian difference, outdo one another in the achievements of provincial millinery. The initiated, whether religiously and socially or only socially, find Bournemouth altogether charming ; to any wanderer outside the pales it must be one of the dullest of those curious recreative sojourns which line the English sea-coast.

\* There came Mrs. Augustus Craven as a visitor to Lady Georgiana Fullerton. These are both gone ; and the death of the much beloved Lady Taylor will probably end the yearly visits of her cousin, Mr. Aubrey de Vere—a daily worshipper at the shrine.

Why, one is constrained to ask, in sheer astonishment, is the holiday-time of the Englishman's year still haunted by penitential principles? He has abandoned for all other seasons of the year the pursuit of mortification; his very Sunday has ceased to wear the distinctive character which was supposed so greatly to edify the volatile foreigner whom in fact it filled with horror and deep dismay; it has become the most cheerful day of the seven, not only to himself, but to his wife and daughter, who dress, drive, and dine, and do everything but dance, more energetically than on any day of the week. London society may be said to have emancipated itself from Puritanism during the last ten years; but none the less shall the Briton submit to an unseasonable Lent during his autumn vacation; none the less shall he be encouraged, nay, compelled, to the rigours of self-examination during the long mornings and longer evenings in which he inhales ozone for the coming year. Nothing shall be allowed to distract his mind—nothing, that is, in the way of amusement or entertainment; but a tonic bitter shall be added to his cup of life by the weekly bills which remind him that he is paying more for his glaring and ricketty lodgings by the turbid Channel than he would have given for a frescoed palace with divine gardens on the sapphire shining waters of the Mediterranean—if only he had had the energy to follow the desires of his heart! He probably also has memories of gay scenes nearer home—of the good music, good dressing, and varying *tables d'hôtes* of quietly cheerful Ems, Spa, or Schwalbach, of the bare dyke of Blankenberghe, alive with its long rows of bright *cafés*, while the sands and the sea are populous with bathing parties, frolicsome young matrons and demure girls performing prodigies of clever swimming in bewitching costumes. Here at Bournemouth, and everywhere indeed except at Brighton, the feminine visitors are so strongly affected by the penitential spirit alluded to above, that even the female instinct of self-adornment forsakes them for the time. *In* the sea they present

an appearance which sends man shuddering from the neighbourhood of the machines ; *out* of it, ill-arranged hair and last year's costumes vex his eyes. Woman is theologically inclined by nature, and it is scarcely possible that she should sojourn within hearing of the amateur sermons, which are thundered out on melancholy Sunday evenings by the sad sea waves, without losing something of her pleasant personal vanities. What is the meaning of these doleful preachments ? We are really not better than other people ; there is surely no one now living who clings to the wonderful delusion, which made our fathers so serenely happy. As to our superiority in piety, or in any one moral virtue, over any of our Continental neighbours, we have gradually and wisely ceased to speak of ourselves as the admiration of surrounding nations ; yet nowhere, not among the sober and religious Bretons or Tuscans, either of whom are surely models of morality, is such a fanatical exhibition as street-preaching ever heard of. Shall we ever forget our arrival on one occasion at Folkestone ? From Rome we came, from the hand and the smile of Pius IX., and the crimson and purple of his Court, from the sunny cities of Umbria, from a short sojourn at scholarly Padua among the nightingales, lingering through the flowery Tyrol and along that smiling homeward route by Strasburg, and on a murky evening we landed at the abovenamed seaport. Straying through the streets to fill up an ante-prandial hour, we were attracted by a bellowing noise, which we found to proceed from a street-preacher, who held a Bible in one grimy hand, and was holding forth to an audience of three little girls with skipping-ropes. All else was silence, save for the booming of the sea.

Far more light-hearted, however, in spite of Evangelicalism, is the outward aspect of Bournemouth, with its firs and yellow sands, and a sky pure, not only at the zenith, but in the thicker strata of air down to the horizon, with a limpid purity which



speaks of its happy remoteness from any centre of industry.  
One final word : Will the aborigines take a hint and beat their  
horses and donkeys a little less recklessly ?

ARTHUR DRUMMOND.

*Reviews and Views.*

HER        **T**HE silent West hath donned her evening robe  
 GARDEN.    Rich tinted by the calm October sun ;  
 The chestnuts mourn their wealth of wilted leaves  
 And stretch gaunt fingers to a heedless sky  
 That knows not mercy. One turn more, my love,  
 Just one more turn beneath the ruddy wall  
 Where, through the thinning foliage palely gleam  
 Fast ripening apples, and the dahlias shed  
 Their flaming petals round their drooping stems.  
 I love these walks ; I love the grove of trees  
 Where rooks in April rear their screaming young,  
 I love the orchard with its spreading trunks  
 And richest grass now glistening cold with dew ;  
 I love the gardens whether east or west,  
 Tangled with trees or set in trim array  
 Of winding patterns ; yellow twined in blue  
 Scarlet in due proportion, while o'er all  
 In crimson flaunts my lord gladiolus.  
 And best I love that wall that faces south  
 Clothed with a screen of jasmine and of rose,  
 Whence perfumed tokens of thy dear regard  
 Followed my steps to Thule's barren moors—  
 I love them all ; must love for evermore—  
 The jewelled setting of my love for thee.

T.—

FATHER  
CHRISTIE.

THE death of Father Christie removes a venerable figure from the Church in London. Perhaps no priest had a greater confessional experience; nor had any priest a simpler devotion to souls. Though a member of a migratory Society, at Farm Street he had lived a lifetime, ever since he succeeded Father Eyre—hence the saying in the house: "The Arians, have become Christians." Father Christie had his own great disappointments, which he bore light-heartedly, even when he did not look it. A distinguished career at Oxford seemed to destine him for greatness; but he chose always to play a modest part. When he committed volumes to the press, he was destitute of ambition; and his thoughts were so much with his pious subject, and so little with the author, that he felt himself free to propagate his works, as if they had been anybody's but his own. In the interests of young men, he carried on an association, and he edited a magazine. *Catholic Progress* deserved to succeed yet somehow fell short of success. The Jesuit Fathers are not politicians, but Father Christie had strong views about the Irish Question long before Home Rule had become a fashionable or unfashionable political creed. Father Christie once said something which a fellow Father in the country interpreted as a declaration that all Farm Street was for Home Rule, and he wrote to Father Christie the nearest approach to a remonstrance his gentle and courtly pen could ever frame. Father Christie replied by a declaration of his sympathies drawn up in this form:

No English Government dares to be just to Ireland: no English Government dares to *treat Ireland as a Catholic country*. Well, then, what is to be done? It is easy to say that Ireland ought to be satisfied with the salves that Englishmen apply to her wounds, and which are short of this radical cure. But Ireland ought not to be satisfied with insufficient remedies which do not remove the malignant disease; and if she is not satisfied, one of two consequences must follow: either Ireland, though

dissatisfied with the remedies, will bear her insults meekly like a sheep before her shearer, which poor human nature will hardly do and has not done, in spite of the patience inculcated by the example of Ireland's Lord and Master in His passion ; or Ireland will not bear them meekly, and will be driven into acts of violence, *which Christ and His Vicar must condemn*. But, then, who is the real culprit ? the big bully who has insulted another beyond all endurance, or the victim of that insult and intolerable treatment ? Let us Englishmen *humble ourselves before God* whenever we hear of an act of violence committed in Ireland. The act is criminal : be it so ! but my Protestant English forefathers and my English contemporary Protestant fellow-countrymen are the real culprits, and virtually guilty of the crimes committed.

LADY DE  
TRAFFORD.

**S**IR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD, who fixed the decoration to the breast of Mr. Austin Oates, at Salford, the other day, and took prizes at the Horse Show in London the day after, is a man from whose activities the Church in Lancashire has a good right to form great expectations. The inheritor of a good name and a great fortune, he has to prove himself worthy of the one and the other. "I know my ancestors are bound up in me by my sentiments for them," says one of George Meredith's maidens. "We shame them if we fail in courage or honour. Is it not so ? If we break a single pledged word we cast shame on them. Why, that makes us what we are ; that is our distinction. We dare not be weak if we would." Sir Humphrey, by his marriage a few years ago, increased his possibilities of serving his country. The portrait of Lady de Trafford is one executed for the pages of the *Gentlewoman*, the youngest of the papers of its class, as it is also the most excellent in its illustrations and the most lively in its journalism.





LADY DE TRAFFORD.

THE COMTE  
DE MUN AT  
LOUVAIN.

**L**AST week the Comte de Mun delivered the following address to the students of the University of Louvain, in the College of the Pope :

When during a long and fatiguing campaign a soldier meets with a pleasant and reposeful halting-place he cherishes the memory of it, and if by chance he returns later to the neighbourhood, he views it with agreeable emotions. I am this soldier. Students of Louvain, I salute you; I recognise you again. You are those who applauded me five years ago, and even if you are not all the same, I recognise you; you are the Catholic Youth. Five years since I spoke to you on the Social Question. Now I do not remind you of the necessity of considering this question, for events demonstrate its urgency. When the house is burning it is not the time to cry "Fire!" it is the time to act. The French Revolution has unsettled all social conditions. Some curse it, others bless it. There is always something that stirs up the people on the eve of great disturbances. The people are thus agitated at this moment; another disturbance will arrive in its turn, and its explosion is very near. The French Revolution was the result of two great ideas: Justice and Pity. But the impiety which it contributed has been the cause of the misfortunes of the age. Materialism has become the master of the world, selfishness and pleasure the guiding passions. Here lies the cause of social suffering. Force can calm, can arrest; it does not solve anything, more often it undermines. Students, you are not the partisans of brute force, much less are you of those who consider that all things are well, and turn away from the people. When the future of those who suffer is in question no person has a right to be indifferent. Are you called upon to go to the people entirely and without reticence? The sentiment of faith animating you must answer: Yes. (Applause.) I thank you, Gentlemen, for having understood me. There are men who suffer. There is a crowd around you which suffers. Have pity upon them, as Jesus had when on the mountain He saw at His feet the multitude complaining of hunger; have compassion on the multitude! Was He disquieted at the dispositions of that crowd? No; they were suffering, and that was enough for Him. It is often said that the people are bad, that their appetites are insatiable. That which is wanted is to go to them, to learn to know them; you will then see that they are worthy of being encouraged and

helped. It is true that faith has often deserted their heart ; but remember this also, that if the working men are inferior to us in faith, they are superior to us in morals. It is necessary to know the needs of the people. Where will you learn this? Go and visit them at their work, in their homes. Go and see there how they suffer. Another thing you should also do : ask the workman what he has to live on. It is the uncertainty of the morrow that is the cause of all the demands. Show thus that you love the people. Prove it to them ; for, alas ! the people do not believe sufficiently that we love them. There is in the crowd a desire after the divine. It aspires towards the ideal of Justice, Love, and Fraternity ; herein lies the secret that would make men live. Do not tell me that faith is dead : No ! All that we see proves the contrary. Remember Ozanam, who in his day did more for society than all the economists. In other times one blushed to confess the Faith ; but to-day faith has vanquished human respect. And who goes to the people if not the Church? Who elevates a voice to appease the conflict that obscures minds? The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. "On the Condition of the Working Classes" is the answer. Gentlemen, you will be inexcusable if you disregard the task incumbent upon you. Enter resolutely upon the path open to you ; do not content yourself with applauding me. It is by this you will show that you have comprehended me, and it is that which will be my reward and consolation. Go with confidence, with boldness. Too often youth dares not go forward for fear of difficulties. I know the dangers which await you in the world ; arm yourself against them. The world is everywhere ; in Universities as well as in drawing-rooms. It is to be known by one distinguishing characteristic ; courage displeases it, truth wearies it. And it has one weapon—ridicule. See here the danger that threatens you ; it is this ridicule, this mockery of the *blasés*, the easy-going, the unoccupied, and the slothful. You must despise these sarcasms, or else glory will pass close to you and you will not even be able to call it by its name. Be at your post ! March ! The enthusiasm of your elders will accompany you.

At the conclusion of the address, Monsignor Abbeloos, the Rector of the University of Louvain, speaking to M. de Mun, said :

It would be banal to repeat the services rendered by you to the cause of the artisan and working classes, as well as to the



Catholic Church. But I wish to thank you for this second visit to the University of Louvain; for our students were impatient to see and hear you. This is an epoch-making day in the history of our University. We wish that you should carry away with you a perdurable remembrance; therefore, making use of the powers vested in me, and acting by the advice of the Faculty of Philosophy, I have nominated you Doctor *honoris causa* of the University of Louvain.

In reply, M. de Mun said :

Monseigneur,—I believe I have to-day experienced the crown of emotions in this hall. With this mark of affection I carry away with me the resolve to consecrate all that remains to me of strength and zeal to the service of the Church and of youth.

An untoward accident occurred at the departure of the Comte. The students being determined, in spite of his protests, to unharness his horses, these took fright, and a general stampede ensued. Happily, M. de Mun was not injured.



*Advertisements.*

---

# The Sisters of Nazareth:

*A Descriptive Sketch of Convent Life.*

By ALICE MEYNELL.

---

*Profusely Illustrated with Drawings specially made by  
GEORGE LAMBERT.*

*Large Quarto, Boards, Price 2s. 6d.*

A limited number of copies are also issued as an *Edition de Luxe*,  
and handsomely bound. Price 10s. 6d.

---

"Those to whom style in writing is still a joy, will read from beginning to end Mrs. Meynell's utterance on this Hammersmith home of supremest charity."—*Globe*.

"Mrs. Meynell has seldom written anything more simply and tenderly beautiful. She writes not only brightly and charmingly, but very humanly as well."—*Manchester Examiner*.

"The Sisters of Nazareth House could not possibly have had a more graceful or sympathetic advocate than Mrs. Meynell, who pleads with such earnest pathos."—*Saturday Review*.

"A beautifully got-up volume, which will make Nazareth House even better known than it already is, and for that reason, as well as for its merits, deserves success."—*Athenæum*.

"The best of all Christmas books we've at present seen, and the one that comes nearest the true spirit of Christian Christmas. Mrs. Meynell's delightful book will touch all hearts."—*Punch*.

"The volume is in every respect a charming one."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"The work should take a high place amongst the gift-books of the season."—*World*.

"Bound in a most artistic cover, illustrated with a naturalness that could only have been born of powerful sympathy; printed clearly, on excellent paper, and written with the point, aptness, and ripeness of style we have learned to associate with Mrs. Meynell's literature."—*Tablet*.

"The labours of the Sisters are depicted in a forcible and sympathetic manner which cannot fail to interest."—*Daily Telegraph*.

---

BURNS & OATES, LTD., LONDON AND NEW YORK.

*Advertisements.*

---

"An ideal Catholic publication."—*Dublin Review.*

---

**THE "AVE MARIA,"**

**A Catholic Magazine devoted to the honour of the Blessed Virgin.**

— 25pp. Imperial 8vo. —

— *Published Weekly and Monthly, at Notre Dame, Ind., U.S.A.* —


---

Many of the best Catholic Writers contribute to its pages.

---

**TERMS: ONE YEAR, \$2.50; CLUBS OF TEN, \$20, with a Free Copy.**  
Foreign Subscriptions, \$3, or 12s. British.

---

 Send for a Sample Copy and List of Interesting Books.  
**Address: THE "AVE MARIA," Notre Dame, Ind., U.S.A.**

---

**THE DEAF AND DUMB**

**E**ARNESTLY implore help for **ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTION**, the  
ONLY Catholic School for Deaf and Dumb in England.

N.B.—No aid can be obtained from Government.

Present number of Pupils is 147, taught by the Sisters of  
Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Supported by Subscriptions  
and Donations, which are earnestly requested by their Chaplain,  
the Rev. E. W. DAWSON, Boston Spa, R.S.O., Yorkshire.

*No Collector.*

Prayers daily, and three Masses every month for Subscribers.  
Report and List of Subscribers, &c., for 1890, now ready.

## Advertisements.

---

JUST OUT. Crown 8vo, cloth, pp. 480; price 7s. 6d. Uniform with the  
"Life of Blessed John Fisher."

# The Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More,

LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND AND MARTYR  
UNDER HENRY VIII.

BY THE

REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.,

*Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

With new materials from the State papers, and a copy of the Crayon Sketch of Sir  
Thomas made by HOLBEIN in 1527.

---

"A vital book, deep in interest, lasting in force, and a veritable piece of history. There are no injustices here, no ready-made opinions, no unverified statements. From pillar to post has Father Bridgett gone, from the Record Office to the British Museum, from authority to authority, searching, sifting, selecting, so that we may have an authentic portrait of the great Englishman who died for those principles to which the converts of the Oxford Movement groped their way."—*Weekly Register*.

"Father Bridgett has followed up his valuable life of Bishop Fisher with a still more valuable life of Sir Thomas More. It is, as the title declares, a study not only of the life, but also of the writings of Sir Thomas. Father Bridgett has considered him from every point of view, and the result is, it seems to us, a more complete and finished portrait of the man, mentally and physically, than has been hitherto presented."—*Athenæum*.

"This is a charming book. Written with full sympathy for the subject, and wide and exact knowledge of the facts, it is far the best life of More that has yet appeared in English. . . . The beautiful frontispiece, a reproduction of the sketch Holbein made of Sir Thomas at the age of fifty, gives in some sense a foretaste of the spirit and style of the pages that follow it."—*Manchester Guardian*.

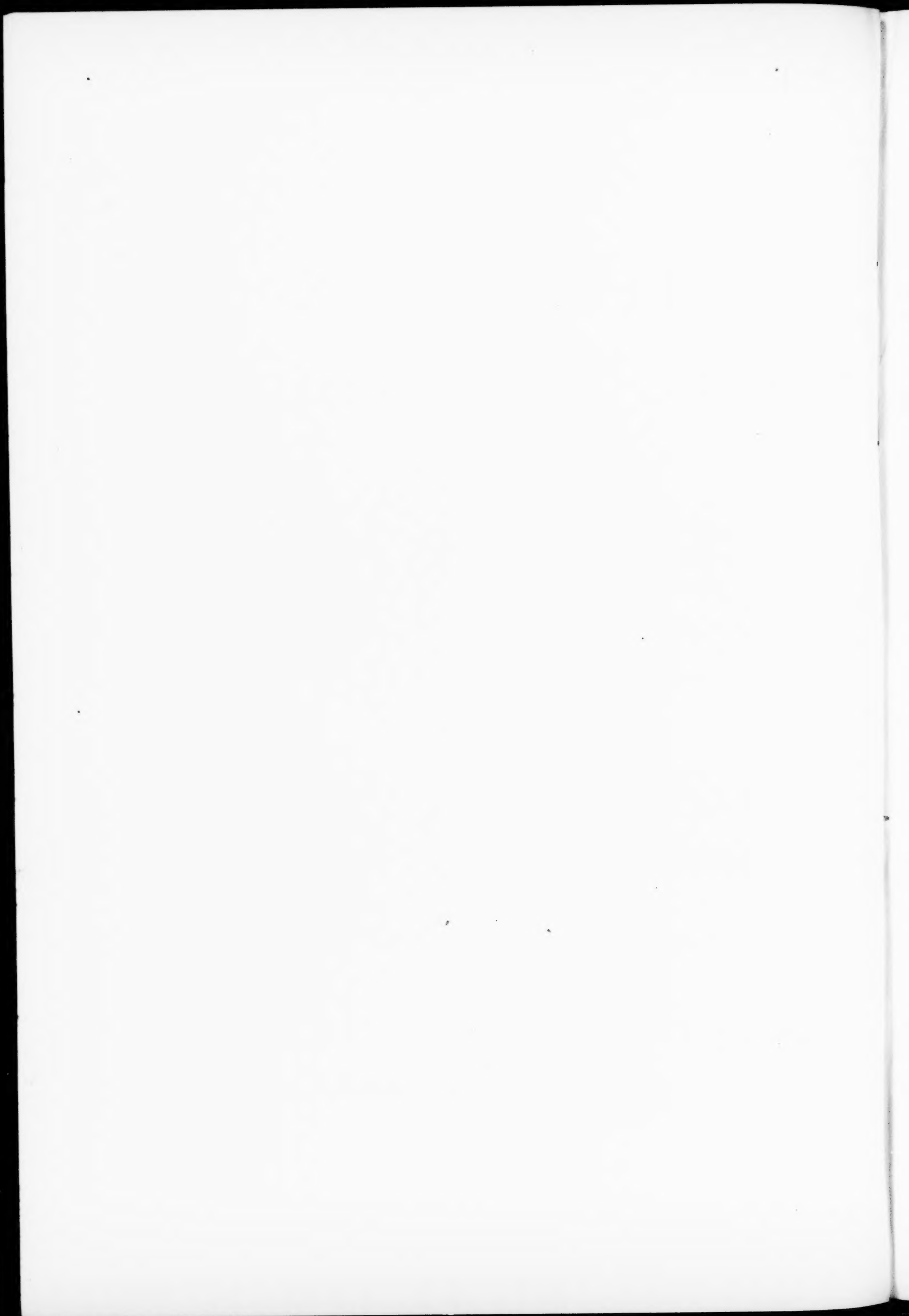
"Father Bridgett's work is not only the best life of the Martyr which we have, because more sources of knowledge has been opened to him than to his predecessors, but it has another great advantage which marks it off from all previous biographies."—*Tablet*.

"Father Bridgett has written a book that will live. . . . Doubts and difficulties here find their solution, errors of long standing are corrected, misjudgments are rectified, and the gracious story is told as it deserves to be told."—*Month*.

---

BURNS & OATES, LIMITED.

LONDON: 28, ORCHARD ST., W. AND 63, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.





## A SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

---

AMONG THE CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER ARE :

### **The Social Question.**

*"I am accused of Socialism."*

THE EIGHT HOURS' MOVEMENT.—THE ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.—THE RIGHT TO WORK OR FOOD.—THE YOKE OF TOO MUCH TOIL.—STATE WORKSHOPS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—THE STORY OF THE GREAT DOCK STRIKE.—THE PROGRAMME OF REFORM.—WHAT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WILL SHOW.—"I HAVE PITY UPON THE PEOPLE."—WANT IN WINTER.

### **Ireland.**

*"Anything connected with Ireland has my heartfelt sympathy."*

MR. PARNELL IN 1886.—MR. PARNELL NOW.—DOMESTIC LIFE IN DUBLIN.—"WHEN WE WERE BOYS."—MONSIGNOR PERSICO'S MISSION.

### **The Salvation Army and the Methodists.**

*"I am thankful to say I have a warm sympathy with all who love Our Divine Lord and labour for Him."*

"DEAR GENERAL BOOTH, MY HEART IS IN YOUR BOOK."—WESLEY'S WORK FOR ENGLAND.

### **The Jews.**

*"We owe to them both the justice of the old law, and the charity of the new."*

THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTIONS.—CHRISTIAN BLOOD IN JEWISH RITES.—THE VOLUME AND THE VATICAN.

## *Contents.*

---

### **Religious Music.**

*"I most earnestly desire the singing of hymns and litanies by the whole congregation."*

"A GREAT HINDRANCE TO PIETY."—THE THREE WOUNDS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

### **The Temperance Question.**

*"Ireland and England sober would be Ireland and England free."*

THE FOUNDATION OF DEATH.—"THE COUNSEL OF A HIGHER LIFE."—THE LEAGUE IN INDIA.—"YOUR ARCHBISHOP HAS DONE SPLENDIDLY."—"TEMPERANCE IS GOOD, TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS BETTER."

---

ALSO A VARIETY OF OTHER LETTERS ON THE  
CURRENT TOPICS OF THE TIME.

---

### **Illustrations.**

**A Reception by His Eminence, May, 1891.** Drawn  
from life. By Mr. R. PONSONBY STAPLES.

**Various Autograph Signatures.**

**Sketch of the Exterior of Archbishop's House.**

**His Eminence's Inner Chamber.**

**In a Reception Room.**

**St. Mary of the Angels, at Bayswater.**

## INTRODUCTION.

THESE Letters of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster have been written during the past five years. Together with the uniform volume, published in the spring of 1886, they form a fairly complete collection of the correspondence of his Eminence's Catholic life. But the Letters of this latest lustrum seem, if possible, to beat the old record, not only in variety and importance of subject, but also in receptiveness of view and in courage of conviction. There is nothing about them, except perhaps a certain added calm—a repose, as of evening, after a long day's fight—to remind the reader that the Cardinal Archbishop enters on his eighty-fourth year this very month.

Of the Illustrations which are printed, perhaps only the Frontispiece requires a word of comment. The first vivid impression of the scene at the Reception at Archbishop's House in Low Week this year was taken on the spot by Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples. "I am responsible for that criminal," I confessed to his Eminence when he noticed the artist intently at work in front of him. The criminal was forgiven, and his Eminence indulgently granted him three subsequent sittings, the result of which will appear in a large oil picture of the whole historic scene. Meanwhile, this rapid sketch will suffice as a memento of the Reception of 1891—the melancholy first at which his Eminence sat, where on all past occasions he had stood, throughout the evening.

PALACE COURT HOUSE,  
LONDON, W., 1891.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.



DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

May I place upon my Dedication Page the only living name that seems to link fitly with that of the writer of these Letters? He and you stood together, in the old times, at moments of religious import, private and public. And now, when both can look back upon sixty years of public service rendered with a devotion none others have approached, I venture, for my own great gratification, to mingle again in men's ears the music of names which our fathers loved to sound together, and which our children will not willingly divide.

I am,  
Dear Mr. Gladstone,  
Yours very truly,  
JOHN OLDCASTLE.



Henry Edward  
Cardinal Archbishop

Henry R. (and - Archbishop)

H. R. (and - Archbishop)

H. R. C. Archbishop

Always yours W.

H. R. C. R.

VARIOUS AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURES.

*Advertisements.*

---

**ESTABLISHED 1851.**

---

**BIRKBECK BANK,**

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

THREE per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.  
TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, calculated on minimum monthly  
balances, when not drawn below £100.  
STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows Interest, at the rate of THREE per CENT. per Annum, on each completed £1. Accounts are balanced and Interest added on the 31st March annually.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

---

**H**OW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, OR A PLOT  
OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, with immediate possession. Apply  
at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post-free on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager

---

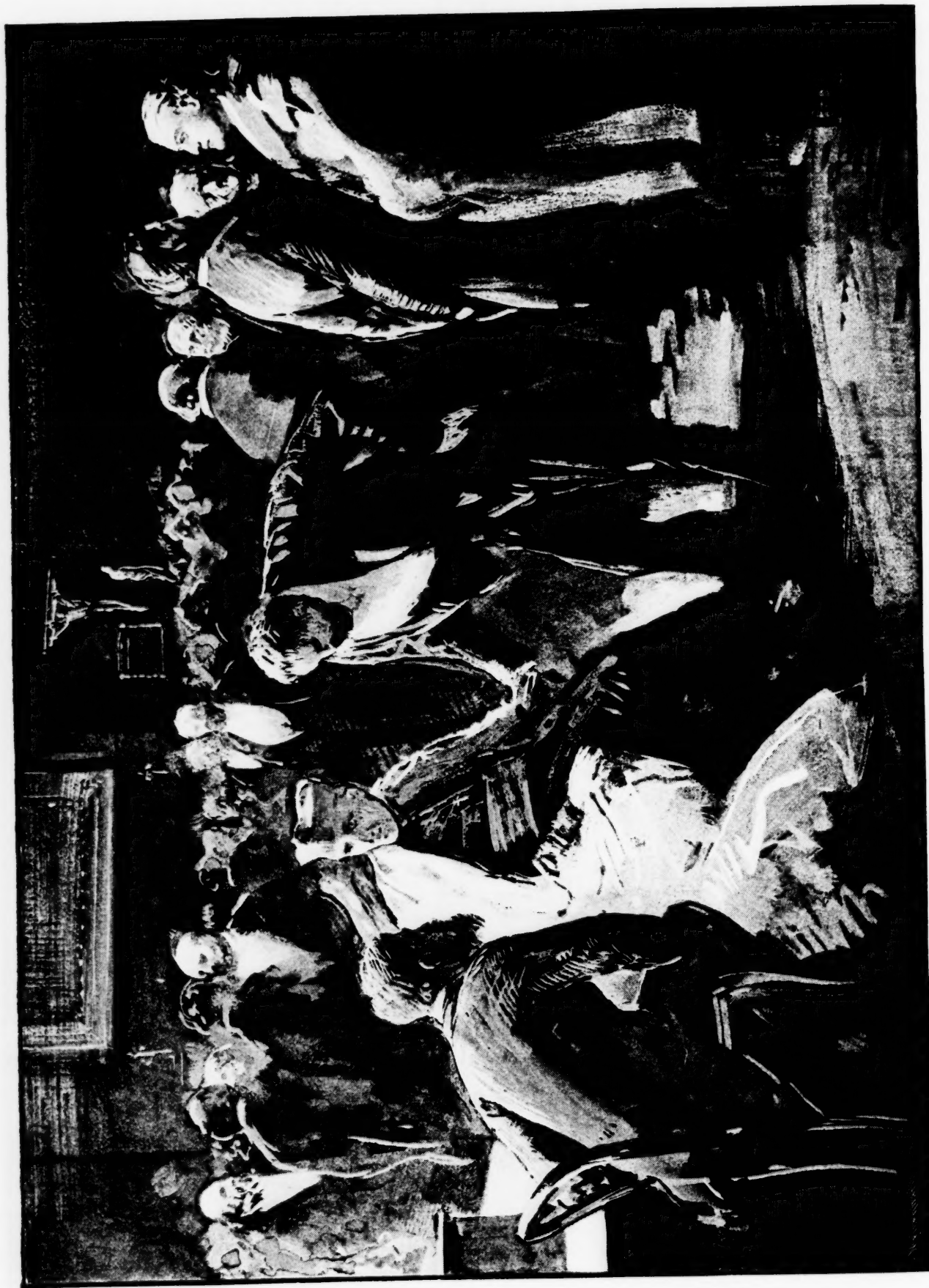
**THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!**

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT**

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or family is liable.

*N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London,  
Daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.*





A RECEPTION AT ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE IN LOW WEEK, 1891.

*Drawn by H. PONSONBY STAPLES.*



## LETTERS ON SUBJECTS OF THE DAY.

---

"I HAVE LEARNED POLITICAL ECONOMY FROM OLDER  
AND HIGHER TEACHERS."

*To the Editor of the "Times."*

February, 1888.

Sir,—In your leading article on the deputation of Lord Herschell to the Prime Minister, you have laid to my charge an impeachment of which I am altogether innocent, and you will, I am sure, in justice insert this letter. You say: "We say nothing of Cardinal Manning's reiteration of his wild proposition, that every deserving person who is unemployed has a right to be provided by the community with work at the current rate of wages." I did not reiterate this proposition, because in my life I have never made it. I not only have never said, but I have never thought it; and, more than this, I was the other day at the Mansion House engaged, with certain leading members of the Charity Organisation Society, in framing the scheme of employment on the open spaces in London—a scheme drawn up on the lines of Mr. Strachan's work in Chelsea, by which careful provision was made against payment of work at the current rate of wages. Further, I have never made any proposition in respect to the right of every person who is unemployed, beyond affirming that every motive of wisdom and benevolence would dictate to the administrators of the Poor law to deal with them, in times of severe and transient distress, as the Charity Organisation Society wisely endeavours to do.

Last year you were good enough to say in treating of some words of mine on this same subject that I had taken refuge "in confusion of thought." I received the rebuke with becoming meekness and held my peace. This morning you tell me "that it is needless to waste time on a reformer apparently destitute of the rudiments of the science upon which he poses as an authority." This is hardly reasoning ; but by some it may be mistaken for it. I have learned political economy from older and higher teachers.

I must further call your attention to the insufficiency of your reply to the answer I made to the following words of a letter in your paper of yesterday morning. I give them *in extenso* to avoid confusion of thought (the italics are mine): "The *only* way to make more work for the unemployed is for the employed to produce as much profit as they can—*i.e.*, as much surplus as they can—over the cost of producing ; for all that profit *must* be spent on employing somebody in some way or other." You have unfortunately omitted my first answer: "But if there be no surplus?" It is especially in times of depression, such as this in which we are, that able, willing, and deserving men are thrown out of employment. What surplus is there at this moment in the iron trade, or in agriculture? And in what part of the country is your argument verified? And what trade is at this moment making a surplus sufficient to employ the deserving men who are out of work? The perpetual vicissitudes of trade in this country render such an abstract theory inadequate, even if it were practicable. It must never be forgotten that the subject of the deputation yesterday was this—how to find prompt and effective relief for the present and urgent distress. Theories of gradual accumulation of surplus will not feed hungry men, women, and children ; and hunger cannot be sent to Jupiter or to Saturn.

Once more, I stated that there is no "must" in the case. Capitalists are free to do what they will with their surplus. It may be invested in land, which would employ the scantiest number of hands ; or it may be advanced on foreign loans, in which an enormous amount of English capital is at this moment invested, finding employment for multitudes, but in foreign lands. It may be spent in a thousand ways that never reach such a distress as is now weighing upon London.

Finally, I would ask, What number of years may be required to raise the level of surplus and employment over the surface of the country? And, in the meanwhile, how many hundreds of

thousands may die off by a death of which a jury the other day found "that it was accelerated by want"? It may be needless to waste time upon me; but your time would not be wasted in finding a prompt and adequate relief for the present and urgent distress of thousands of our best and worthiest working men, with their wives and children. Hitherto this has not been done by the *Times*.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

*To the Editor of the "Times."*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
February 6th, 1888.

Sir,—Your correspondent "G."\* complains sensitively of the words "heartless and headless," as applied to his former letter in your columns. I had no wish to wound an unknown person, but I cannot regard my words as inapplicable to his former letter. His letter of to-day does not, in my judgment, clear what he wrote from the censure I expressed; but I willingly assure him that I accept the explanation of his intention.

He asks me who are my older and higher teachers in political economy, and I will gladly tell him; but he forces me to speak of personal matters which I should not have written. In the years 1829—32, when I had other thoughts of the world before me, I read no little political economy, beginning with Ricardo. I was intimate with some of the chief members of the Political Economy Club, and I had the honour of dining with them, and hearing the discussions of such men as Archbishop Whateley, Mr. Grote, Mr. Tooke, and others. More recently I have read much of Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett, and from them I hope to justify my answer—that transient relief in time of distress, as defined and limited in the careful letter of Mr. Loch in the *Times* of to-day, has nothing to do with national workshops.

We have, indeed, lately been told by a high authority that the giving of relief in the form of work, "to those who in a time of destitution come under the Poor law," is the same thing as

\* It is an open secret that "G." stands for Mr. Giffin.—[ED.]

"national workshops." This opinion was further accentuated by the assertion "that any attempt on the part of the State to step into the place of the ordinary employer, and to establish a relation between it and the working classes similar to that between the employer and the employed, would only result in the long run in producing far more frightful, widespread, and permanent misery than it was designed to remedy." I am also of that opinion ; but I cannot admit that the giving relief, either by the Poor Law, or by the action of private efforts, to men able and willing to work, but unemployed, in times of severe and protracted distress, is one and the same thing with national workshops, or equivalent to asking the State to step into the place of the ordinary employer, and to establish a relation between it and the working classes, similar to that between the employer and the employed. It will not be difficult to show why the latter proposition can be peremptorily and consistently repudiated, and the former proposition urgently and anxiously recommended.

I need not use any argument of my own, but I will give the judgment of one who was certainly not ignorant of the rudiments of political economy. John Stuart Mill, in his *Vindication of the Provisional Government of the French Revolution* in February, 1848, writes as follows :—

There remains another measure of the Provisional Government, which opens a still wider field of difficult and important discussion than the preceding—the recognition of the *droit au travail* ; of an obligation on society to find work and wages for all persons willing and able to work, who cannot procure employment for themselves. . . . To one class of thinkers the acknowledgment of the *droit au travail* may very naturally appear a portentous blunder, but it is curious to see who those are that most loudly profess this opinion. It is singular that this act of the Provisional Government should find its bitterest critics in the journalists who dilate on the excellence of the Poor Law of Elizabeth ; and that the same thing should be so bad in France, which is perfectly right in the opinion of the same persons in England and Ireland. For the *droit au travail* is the Poor Law of Elizabeth and nothing more, aid guaranteed to those who cannot, employment to those who can, work. This is the act of Elizabeth, and this is the promise which it is so inexcusable in the Provisional Government to have made in France. On the English parochial system, the law gives to every pauper a right to demand work, or support without work, for himself individually. . . . It appeared to the Provisional Government, as it must to every unselfish and open-minded person, that the earth belongs first of all to the inhabitants of it ; that every person alive ought to have a subsistence



before anyone has more ; that whosoever works at a useful thing ought to be properly fed and clothed before anyone, able to work, is allowed to receive the bread of idleness. These are moral axioms.

Mr. Mill then affirms that the declaration of the *droit au travail* was followed by the erection of the *ateliers nationaux*, "which, indeed, was its necessary consequence." He goes on to say: "It was the misfortune, not the fault, of the Provisional Government that the numbers requiring employment were so much greater at that moment than before." Thence, he says, came the outbreak in June, and Socialism (Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions," Vol. I. p. 384).

It is obvious that the Civil State and all its legislative and executive action is nothing more than human society administering, protecting, and developing its own welfare. Its whole action upon itself must be social ; but between social and socialistic there is an impassable gulf. The public life of a Civil State is the aggregate of the domestic life of its members. Whether the execution of its laws flows from a single person who is accepted as the representative of the whole society, or from more persons than one to whom the society may commit that trust, the framing of the laws, which is impossible to the whole political body numerically, is, in the case of every well-ordered Commonwealth, entrusted to those who, by election of the people at large, more or less adequately represent their welfare.

In this sense, therefore, all legislation is social ; even the privileges of railroad companies are justifiable only on public—that is, social—utility. The perfection of legislation is its adequate and intimate provision for the welfare of society at large. All legislation, therefore, and all government is, and must be, strictly social. If it fail to be so in any measure, in that measure it is bad. But in all this there is not a tinge of Socialism. It describes the elaborate and mature jurisprudence of a well-ordered State ; and in this sense the whole written and unwritten law of England is social.

What, then, is Socialism ? It is the vision of society governed by the law of nature only, under which the State is the supreme and therefore really the only landlord, and the supreme and, therefore, really the only employer of labour. It is, therefore, the negation of all progress and of all the social laws which wisdom, justice, and experience have sanctioned and matured. It is also an attempt to arrest or to reverse the natural inequalities resulting from the intrinsic inequalities, intellectual and

moral, of man—an impossible task, and a theory replete with every kind of injustice to men and to society. It is needless to say that the Poor Law of Elizabeth is profuse with social compassion, without a tinge of spurious Socialism; and Mr. Mill, with his large foresight, readily perceived the difference between the right of sustenance or of work in a parish, and the *droit au travail* in the *ateliers nationaux*. Nevertheless, he pointed out the identity of the principle, and justified the principle; and at the same time repudiated its use as supremely inexpedient in the hands of any Government, and liable to produce both outbreak and Socialism; outbreak in the disappointed and demoralised, and Socialism in the sharp and perverse wits of their leaders. It can hardly be necessary to draw out the reasons; and if some, whose intelligence is so high and balanced, had not failed to express, for they must clearly know, the distinctions of parish relief and national workshops, I would not weary your readers by detailing them.

First, and above all, to make the State, beyond its own legitimate duties, of which we will speak hereafter, the public employer of labour, is an exaggeration of the worst danger in politics, coupled with the worst form of that danger—namely, exaggerated centralisation. Even the centralisation inevitable and necessary for the ordinary administration of government, involving large patronage with all its evils, is sufficiently dangerous in any State. The number of official persons is always large, but necessarily selected (or ought to be) for intelligence and fitness. But to make the State—that is, the Government of the day—the only employer of an unlimited number of the populace at large, who must necessarily be the least skilled, successful, and, to a great extent, trustworthy of the people, would be a public danger, fatal, sooner or later, to any Commonwealth, and in such a Commonwealth as ours of certain and speedy disorder. The safety of this country, as M. Odillon Barrot wrote in the beginning of the Second Empire in France, is its great decentralisation. He then prophesied the collapse of the Second Empire, by reason of its extravagant centralisation of power and profit in the hands of a Government ubiquitous in its innumerable salaried servants.

National workshops in this country would destroy the labour market; would become a political influence in all the alternate conflicts of factious parties; a source of the widest and lowest patronage, ravenously sought by all kinds and conditions of men; a close field for every kind of job in the cloud of officials

created by it, and an open waste of demoralisation of the people at large. In what single point has this any resemblance to the local and transient relief of the unemployed in a moment of distress, within the limits of a parish, and under the eyes of vigilant care? The administration of the Poor Laws, from the sixteenth century downwards to our days, has been sufficiently fluctuating in wisdom, prudence, profuseness, and severity; but, nevertheless, there has been no shadow of danger of Socialism or of national workshops.

But, Sir, I am bound not to trespass at this time more largely upon the space in your columns. Nevertheless, I hope you will allow me to send a second letter in reply to other portions of the argument of your correspondent "G."

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

NATIONAL WORKSHOPS.

*To the Editor of the "Times."*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
February 7th.

Sir,—We have seen that Mr. Mill affirms that the *droit au travail*—that is, the right to work or to sustenance without work—is the foundation of the Poor Law of Elizabeth. Mr. Mill declares that it is "founded in the law of nature" and is a "moral axiom." Lest his opinion, however, should be regarded as singular or merely speculative, I will add the teaching of one of our most moderate and careful professors of political economy—the late Henry Fawcett. His teaching has a double weight, because he was not only a professor of signal authority, but also a statesman of mature experience.

In his "Manual of Political Economy" he says: "Any person upon application has a right to demand maintenance from the Poor rates." He adds: England alone recognises this "legal right" to be supported by the State (Book IV., chap. 5; fourth edition). Perhaps he did not advert to the *droit au travail* in France because the *ateliers nationaux* had ceased to exist. The principle on which they rested had passed



out of sight. It may, indeed, be true that this right is affirmed in England only by legal enactment, for until three hundred years ago the relief of the poor was voluntary. It did not become legal and compulsory until the Act of 5 Elizabeth, chap. 3. But this right is denied in no Christian land, because it is founded in the universal Christian law as well as in the law of nature.

The poor who possess neither land nor capital have the right of nature to life and to the sustenance of life; but the able-bodied and the skilful possess the power and the skill of labour, which is true and living capital. The aged and impotent cannot work. The law of nature gives them, as Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett say, a right to work or to sustenance without work. Whether this right be only natural, or also legal, as it is happily in England, it binds all who possess the property which human law recognises and protects. The English Poor Law, therefore, is a law of natural justice, having a Divine sanction, creating rights in the poor and duties in the rich. The Poor Law is as a rent-charge upon the inheritance of England in behalf of the younger children for whom there is no legacy in the will; the elder sons inherit the real property in land and others the personalty in money. The poor possess nothing but their inheritance of natural right. If the Poor Law of Elizabeth had not been passed the English Land laws would scarcely have survived until this day. From Henry VIII. till Charles II. the possession of land had been passing from the many to the few. In proportion to the population it was never held in so few hands as at this day. The yeomen and the statesmen and the forty-shilling freeholders are gone. It is a grave danger to treat the natural right of the poor as a popular delusion. If the rich should be taught to deny this natural right, a habit of mind full of misconception and unnatural would be formed in them; and if the poor were to know that this last natural right in themselves and their children was denied, a dangerous resentment would inevitably arise.

Mr. Fawcett goes on to say that the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834 put the first restraint upon this right to demand work or support. It did so by refusing relief to men able to work, except in the workhouse. Now, it is to be remembered that labour and skill are as true capital as land or money. But, for the investment of this living capital, work is necessary. To refuse work, therefore, is to deprive a man of his capital—that is, of his labour and skill—by suspending the conditions of its



exercise or investment. The workhouse test implies that he is a culprit or unworthy of help, and classes him with loafers, idlers, and vagabonds. Is it wonderful that our working men of independent spirit and manhood would rather starve than be so treated? Still more, they refuse to be made paupers by breaking up their homes, which may never be reconstituted, and giving up all the dearest bonds and charities of life, which are more precious to them than to others because they are their only possessions on which happiness and home depend. To refuse their natural right, except upon a condition which renders it intolerable, is contrary to natural justice. Who has a higher right to defeat this natural right by attaching such conditions?

Mr. Fawcett is wisely and firmly opposed to the theory that the State should guarantee employment; but he discusses the question whether, transiently and to meet a special and urgent necessity, some intervention of the State be not expedient. His answer is as follows:

Some who agree with the observations that have just been made may be inclined to think that the Government ought to find employment in times of occasional depression. *Few would presume to assert that in no case could such a policy be justifiable.* Our object is rather to show that the cases which warrant such Government interference are much less frequent than is usually supposed.

He then gives the instance of the cotton famine in Lancashire. He adds, that it must be remembered that trade was improved in Leeds, Bradford, Dundee, and Belfast. But, we may ask, why should the vast manufacturing power of Lancashire, with its immense plant of mills, machinery, and hands be broken up by a transient distress? No momentary profits of Bradford or Dundee would compensate the capitalists and the workers of Lancashire for the wreck of their house and home, with all the aggravations of poverty and ruin. A wise interference at that moment saved Lancashire and all its industries. Mr. Fawcett sums up his opinion in these words:

When any extra strain is put upon our Poor-Law system it absolutely breaks down. When the Lancashire operatives were thrown out of employment during the American War, all the resources of parochial relief were exhausted in a few months, loans of money had to be obtained from the Government, and earnest appeals were made to the whole nation.

What semblance of *ateliers nationaux*, or of Socialism, was there in all this? And the other day nobody asked loans from

Government for the unemployed in London, but only that their numbers and their privations should be ascertained by inquiry.

I will now briefly refer to the second point—namely, “the *only* remedy” for the relief of the unemployed. I give the words of your correspondent again to avoid any possible unfairness :

The *only* way to make more work for the unemployed is for the employed to produce as much profit as they can—*i.e.*, as much surplus as they can over the cost of producing ; for all that profit *must* be spent in employing somebody in some way or other. (The italics are mine.)

Your correspondent makes two statements which are beyond me : the one, that all the king’s horses and all the king’s men, I will say for greater delicacy, cannot get more people fed “unless the producers will eat and drink less of what they produce.” With our ports open all the year round for food from America, India, and Australia, we are importing grain for eight months’ consumption in every year, and all manner of food without stint. I know of no limit to the production of America, India, and Australia.

But your correspondent says that “the same sovereign cannot be paid in two places at once.” Does this mean that we cannot pay for our imports, or that every sovereign in the country is spent at this moment in the employment of labour ? Is there no money spent in what is absolutely unproductive ? The much-abused Mansion House Fund of two years ago, contributed by persons who were spending their money in no labour whatever, was for the first time directed to the channel of employment. How many hands were dismissed to raise that fund ? This seems to me to be Malthus slumbering.

Your correspondent is well aware that to employ men, out of work, four days a week at fourpence an hour, will displace no man who is in full work with full wages. No one, so far as I know, has proposed to place the unemployed on a level of wages with men in full employment. Therefore, the turning out of an equal number of employed men is morally impossible. This is not sentimentalism, but common sense. But, further, there is neither *only* nor *must* in the case. It is hardly necessary to tell us that the way to find employment for all is that there shall be a surplus to employ them. The point of the case is that there are multitudes of unemployed and no surplus either existing or forthcoming to employ them. If there be no surplus they cannot be employed out of it ; and if there be a surplus, and you cannot compel the employers of hands to employ their profits in giving employment,

this *only* remedy is no remedy. There is no *must* in the case. It may not be the interest, or the will, or the whim of the capitalist to take on more hands. He may have other uses for his profits. Who can compel him? Once more, it is especially in times of depression, when there is little surplus in many trades and in others none, that the numbers of the unemployed are multiplied. Where, then, is the remedy? Or is there no remedy for starvation? If there be, then let us hear it. Again, if the rapidity of production shall have glutted the market with goods, the capitalist will have a surplus, not of money, but of unsold goods. Where, then, is the surplus of money for more hands?

Still more, there are trades, such as the iron trade and joinery, in which our raw material is sent over to Belgium and wrought up, and sent back and sold in this country at a price that undersells our own producers. What surplus is there here? Further, let us suppose a surplus to exist in a few trades, but not in all. The level of employment over the whole country will not be appreciably raised. All the water supply of London will not perceptibly raise the level of the Channel. A partial surplus is in effect no surplus. A universal surplus is a dream. When I ask what is to be done with men, women, and children in hunger and distress, while this *only* remedy is being realised, your correspondent "G." makes no answer. It must not be by alms; it must not be by work; and nobody has yet told us what remains, or ventured to say that the people must starve.

When I ask what lapse of time may be required to bring this only remedy into effect, your correspondent says "an infinity of years." He says that men will die as fast if we feed them as they will now without food. This is beyond me; as also is the "tremendous cataclysm" to be brought down upon us by helping deserving men and their homes through a hard and workless winter. I confess that in all this I can see little brain-work and even less compassion of heart. I have no will to wound your correspondent and still less to offend him. Whether he lives in daily contact with the suffering that is around us I do not know. If so I cannot think that he has done justice to his heart; and, if I am not altogether wrong, I hope that in his talk of "old stockings and teapots" he has done some injustice to his head.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.



"I HAVE PITY UPON THE PEOPLE."

*To the President of a Catholic Workmen's Club in Vienna.*

January, 1890.

I have always before my mind the words of the Lord, "I have pity upon the people;" for nowhere on earth is there such unlimited wealth and such extreme poverty to be found as in our England. But, thanks to Providence, our workmen are gifted with prudence and patience, and are inclined to hear the voice of moderation and counsel.

---

"MILLIONS OF OUR BROTHERS GROAN UNDER THE YOKE  
OF EXCESSIVE LABOUR."

*To Monsieur Decurtins, "Conseiller National" of the Grisons.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
July, 1890.

My dear Monsieur Decurtins,—I can hardly express to you the satisfaction with which I have read your book, "*La Protection Ouvrière Internationale*." If I am not mistaken you are the first who has revealed to the public conscience of Europe the condition of the millions whose whole life is nothing but labour. All political and diplomatic questions must give precedence to those you have treated—the questions of the employment of children and women, of Sunday labour, and of the hours of work. Until now these things have been decided by the profits of the capitalist and by cheapness of production.

Some years ago I was reproached with my bad political economy, because I said that married women and mothers, who by the contract of marriage had engaged themselves to found a family and to bring up their children, had neither the right nor the duty to bind themselves for such or such a number of hours a day, in violation of their previous engagement as mothers and wives. Such a bond is *ipso facto* illegal or null. You have well set forth this great moral law, without which we should have a horde and not a nation. Without domestic life there is no nation. It is the same with men. So long as the



hours of labour have no other limit than the gain of the employer, no workman can live a life worthy of a human being. The humblest workman, no less than the man who is rich and literate, has need of certain hours wherein to cultivate his mind and soul ; and if such hours are not permitted him he is lowered to the state of a machine, or to that of a beast of burden. What manner of nation will be formed by men living in such conditions? What must be the domestic, social, or political life of such men? Yet it is to this that the individualism of the political economy of the last fifty years is leading us.

A truer political economy would include all that concerns the general wealth of a people. It would rule and limit all the interest and actions of mankind formed into a society ; and it would rule them by the higher moral law which is the law of nature and of God. First of all are to be maintained the principles governing the life of man and human society. Buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest are secondary matters. This is the great question you have brought home to the public conscience of Europe, and in this you are seconded by Leo XIII. and the Emperor of Germany. I hope that the millions of our brothers who groan under the yoke of excessive labour will yet see the bettering of their conditions.

Your faithful friend,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"THE WORLD OF LABOUR IS ORGANISING ITSELF."

*To M. van Overbergh.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
November, 1890.

(1) By "*publicly*" I mean by a convention that shall be open and recognised. (2) The proportion between profit and wages,

\* In a letter written by the Cardinal Archbishop to the Liège Congress, the words in which His Eminence recommended the drawing up "*publicly* of a just rule for profits and salaries," and its revision every three or five years, excited the criticisms of those who seem to hold that the function of the State is anything in the world rather than to do justice, and who are always seeing a whole young brood rising out of their dear mare's nest of State Socialism.

of which I have spoken, should be determined between masters and workmen. (3) The periodic revision should also be determined by the contracting parties together. (4) Recourse to legislation should be avoided as far as possible.

The words which you quote from my letter to the Congress express my deepest convictions. But, in order to arrive at this principle of proportion, the sincere and voluntary co-operation of the capitalist is necessary. During a hundred years the capitalist has wilfully concealed the enormous amount of his profits, and has meanwhile been buying labour at the lowest rate possible. Last year the strike was caused by the fact that the profits of capital had increased by eighty per cent., while the wages of labour had hardly increased by three per cent. I could cite many similar examples. The absolute obstacle at the present moment is the refusal of capitalists to reveal their profits. Free contract is a sacred right, and the only safe rule for the labourer who has no bread of his own. But in these conditions freedom of contract does not exist. It is but a cruel deceit.

At the beginning of things the principle of proportion regulated agriculture. The *métayer* system is the evident proof of this. In agriculture the points are palpable. No one can conceal their amount. Thus, even when payment in produce (as in *métayage*) is changed into payment in money, the principle still exists, because the value of products is noted and made public. In manufactures, everything can be, and is, made secret. Nevertheless, the prices in commercial transactions give fair indices for calculating the profits of capital.

But, finally, the system of justice can never be realised except by the establishing of relations of reciprocal confidence and sympathy between employers and employed. That is the first step: the conversion of the selfish heart; a harder task than the labour of the mine. Before reaching this happy end, we have a difficult road to travel, and perhaps many a peril to pass through. The world of labour is organising itself, and, for the greater part, the world of capital remains blind. I have put forth a bold proposal because I hold it to be according to justice, both natural and supernatural, whereunto, at last, we shall be constrained to make appeal.

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"WE MAY NOT BE WORTH A 'BRASS FARTHING,' BUT——"

*To the Editor of the "Times."\**

January 24th, 1890.

Sir,—Among the many letters, in reply to Mr. Mann's letter of the 22nd, appearing in your issue of to-day, one is signed "J. B." In that letter, as well as in your article of Monday last, our names are freely used with the liberty common to anonymous writers. "J. B." wishes to know why we have not spoken or written like Sir James Whitehead. We answer, because Sir James Whitehead expressed our judgment as well as his own. And we had other duties to discharge more important than satisfying the curiosity of anyone—viz., to urge on some thirty thousand men the duty of quietness. "J. B." also informs us that employers will not in future accept our intervention. It may be so. What we have done has not been upon sufferance or acceptance, so far as we are concerned. What we have said and done we shall continue to say so long as we believe it to be true, and to do so long as we believe it to be just, without asking leave or favour.

The public opinion of this country at home and abroad has already declared itself as to the past. We will now reply to those who have signed their names. Two questions may be fairly asked of us. The first, How was it that the question of the "meal time" was not fully treated and finally settled in the agreement of September 14th? and, second, What have we since done to enforce the observance of that agreement?

As to the first question, we have to reply that the main points in contention were so much more urgent that, so far as we know, no one at the moment perceived the importance or the full bearing of the question of the "meal time." The whole industry of the port of London had been suspended for a month; the trades of London on both banks of the Thames were severely affected; some thirty thousand men, with their wives and children, were suffering great privation. We pass over other evils and dangers which the least reflecting man must have seen at the time. The one supreme duty at that moment was to put an end, if possible, to this disastrous and dangerous state.

\* In reply to the critics who have been ready, at all hazards, to question the success of the negotiations during the great Dock Strike by which "the Cardinal's peace" was won.



Again, the question of the "meal time" is not, as some people imagine, a simple question of universal application or of easy solution. It did not directly apply to men working on piece-work; it did not apply to all docks and wharves; some gave the payment, some did not; it was, before the strike, the custom to pay the "meal time" in most places, but not in all. There is also great diversity arising from a diversity of the merchandise at the several wharves. Into this complicated question we did not and could not enter at the time that the agreement was drawn; it could only be spoken of in passing. If we had fully appreciated that it would involve a considerable deduction from the anticipated gain under the agreement of September 14th, it is probable that we should have endeavoured to treat the question explicitly. If in this omission we are to blame, we readily accept the blame. What we then aimed at was accomplished, and we still believe that it was better to do what we did than to do nothing. We are afraid that there are some who would have preferred the prolongation of distress and danger till the "freedom of contract" had been enforced by police.

As to the second question, What have we done to enforce the observance of the agreement of September 14th? We answer that, since that agreement came into force we have been in communication, publicly and privately, both by letter and by personal interviews, with the representatives and leaders of both employers and employed.

At the request of the Dock Directors, the Mansion House Committee attended at the Dock House and published a letter enforcing the observance of the agreement of September 14th. We have also held conferences again and again with the leaders and representatives of the men engaged in docks and wharves. When, in our opinion, the men in the disputes that have since arisen (including the present contention, a complicated matter, at Hay's Wharf) have had right on their side, we have not hesitated to support them; when we have believed them to be in the wrong, or ill-advised, we have not failed to resist their action. What our influence has or has not effected we will not undertake to say. We may not be worth a "brass farthing," but in our judgment if, since the strike began, we had done nothing, we should be worth less.

We remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY E. CARD. MANNING.

SYDNEY BUXTON.



"THE RIGHT TO WORK OR FOOD."

*To Mr. Ben Tillett.*

December, 1890.

Dear Mr. Tillett,—I have not had patience to read Professor Huxley's letters.\* The existence of hunger, nakedness, misery, "death from insufficient food," even of starvation, is certain, and no agency as yet reaches it. How can any man hinder or discourage the giving of food or help? Why is the house called a *workhouse*? Because it is for those who cannot work? No, because it was the house to give work or bread. The very name is an argument. I am very sure what Our Lord and His Apostles would do if they were in London. Let us be thankful even to have a will to do the same.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE PROGRAMME OF SOCIAL REFORM.

*To the Bishop-President of the Congress of Liège.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
September 2nd, 1890.

My Lord Bishop,—The Congress of Liège has wisely defined the questions of human labour as questions of human society. Political economy is not a matter of values and exchanges, or of free contracts only, but of human life in all its social needs and welfare. It is impossible to discuss how many hours a day a man or a woman shall work, until we have first laid down how many hours in the day are needed that a man may live a human life, and how much time in the day is needed that a woman may fulfil the duties of domestic life. To put labour and wages first, and human or domestic life second, is to invert the order of God and of Nature, and to ruin the society of man at its foundation.

\* Written to the *Times* in criticism of General Booth's corybantic Christianity. The Professor (who draws a large pension from the pockets of his fellow-citizens) denounces as "mischievous" the doctrine that the poor man has "a right to food or work."

The economy of industry is governed by the supreme moral law, which checks, limits, and controls all its operations. Subject to this moral control, I may say that in mines and other severe labours a day of eight hours is reasonable and just ; in lighter labours a day of ten hours may safely be admitted. It is not reasonable to lay down one and the same measure for heavy and for lighter work. For women who are mothers and heads of families it is hard to see how they can be absent from their children. The prior and sacred contract of marriage forbids a second contract for money in violation of the first. For other women eight or ten hours is as much as can be given without hindering the due fulfilment of the duties of human life, and the power of sharing in the domestic life of homes. For children no work ought to be permitted until the child has been duly educated. This must vary in the various conditions of national life : but in almost all countries the age for remaining in school ought to be raised. For young persons all noxious trades hurtful to health ought to be forbidden by law. In mines the work of women and children ought to be absolutely illegal ; in like manner all night work. The rest of the Lord's Day ought to be protected by law for all who live by labour ; and the active continuance of all labour except certain inevitable works ought to be forbidden under penalty. If any Legislature desires to make itself singular in the Christian world by ignoring the Lord's Day, it ought for sanitary and for physiological reasons to give one day of rest in each week to the labouring classes. Finally, the right of uniting for mutual protection and support is a natural and legitimate right inherent in capital and labour—in employers and employed. Such unions are most fruitful and peaceful when masters and men unite in one common confraternity or guild. When they are separate and independent, they ought freely to confer, face to face, in any contention arising between them ; and, failing to agree, they ought to refer their contention to councils of conciliation freely chosen by each side. If these should finally fail to bring peace, society at large may protect itself by spontaneous intervention, or, last of all, by the authority of legislation.

My last word will sound perhaps over-sanguine or over-bold. I do not believe that the powerful relations of employers and employed will ever be safely and solidly secured until the just and due proportion between profits and wages shall have been fixed, recognised, laid down, and publicly known to govern all free contracts between capital and labour. And further,

inasmuch as values in commerce must often vary, all such free contracts ought to be subject to periodical revision every three or five years, as may be mutually agreed in the contract. I am ashamed to waste the time of the Congress with so long a series of commonplaces. I only ask, if I have erred in my judgment, to be corrected by its collective wisdom.\*

I remain, my Lord President, your faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"INTRIGUING WITH GAS WORKMEN."

*To Provost Greenlees.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,

March 11th, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for sending me the report of Mr. Somervell's speech.† It is not for me to say how far I am conversant with the precise detail of trade disputes, but I can say that I have carefully and conscientiously informed myself, both in counsel with the most competent persons and by printed documents. I wish I could see in Mr. Somervell's words any sign of care or conscience.

With the only reserve already made, there is not one word in his statements which is not contrary to fact. The gas strike was in full conflict before I heard of it, and I heard of it only when the Lord Mayor sent for me to take part in an attempt to put an end to it.‡ Happily, with the sole exception of the South

\* The Cardinal Archbishop, writing to a correspondent who drew His Eminence's attention to the Press criticisms on his letters to the Liège Congress, said :—"The writer is intelligent, but he fails to see that I have excluded legislation except where all voluntary action fails, and especially in the 'free contract' founded on a proportion between profits and wages. To this all will come at last, the slower the worse for us."

† Mr. Somervell, the Unionist candidate for Ayr, had spoken of His Eminence as "intriguing with gas workmen" in London in regard to the strike.

‡ His Eminence having been communicated with, on behalf of the dock labourers on strike at Liverpool at this date, telegraphed as follows : "Follow the plan of the London Chamber of Commerce ; form a Board of Conciliation, and invite employers and employed to choose arbitrators disinterested and without bias."

Metropolitan, all the gas companies agreed with their men after that day. I had no communication with the strike at the South Metropolitan factory. Mr. Somervell, I cannot doubt, had no intention to deviate from truth.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

STATE WORKSHOPS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.\*

*To Mr. Tom Mann.*

December, 1890.

Dear Mr. Mann,—I fully agree with you. The public authorities ought to find work for those who want work, or relief for those who cannot. The County Council will not, I fear, meet for some time. I do not know the Lord Mayor's opinions, but if you were to see him he might listen. I am trying what I can do.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

\* A representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, who waited upon the Cardinal at this time to ascertain his views upon the provision of work for the unemployed by public authorities, was told:—"I am strongly of opinion that it is the duty of every Commonwealth in times of exceptional distress, such as the Cotton Famine in Lancashire some years ago, exceptionally hard winters by which tens of thousands of able-bodied and deserving workmen are thrown out of work, and are reduced with their families to want and great suffering—in such cases it is the duty of public authorities, to which such affairs may appertain, to provide relief; and, in my opinion, the best relief in such cases would be in the form of employment upon works of public utility. This was the opinion of political economists such as the late John Stuart Mill and the late Professor Fawcett, although I am sorry to say certain writers at this time, with shallow philosophy, have in newspaper letters considered it a mischievous error. I will go further and say that this principle of giving food or work is embodied in the old statute law and prevails in the spirit of our laws to this day. The 5 Elizabeth, cap. 3, appointed overseers of the poor, and made it penal to give money to any rogue or vagabond or sturdy beggar; but it provided relief for those who are 'whole and mighty in body and able to labour.' The 18 Elizabeth, cap. 3, runs as follows:—'To the intent that youth may be accustomed and brought up in labour and work and not grow to be idle rogues, and to the intent also that such as be already grown up in idleness, and so are rogues at present, may not have any just



"I AM ACCUSED OF SOCIALISM."

*To the Count de Mun.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
January 25th, 1891.

Dear Count de Mun,—I have read your "few words of explanation" with much interest and entire assent. It seems to me that your censors are precipitate and suspicious. Nothing is more intelligible than the position you have taken; and it is the only safeguard against both subversive Socialism and State Socialism. Your censors use almost the same words, but hardly seem to appreciate their relative significance. Your paragraph beginning "This, however, is only one side of the question," expresses my profound conviction. It contains the whole substance of my letter to the *XXième Siècle*.

The coming age will belong neither to the capitalists nor to the commercial classes, but to the People. The people are yielding to the guidance of reason, even to the guidance of religion. If we can gain their confidence we can counsel them; if we show them a blind opposition they will have power to destroy all that is good. But I hope much from the action of the Church all Governments are despoiling and rejecting. Her true home is with the People; they will hear her voice. My

excuse in saying that they cannot get service or work and be then without means of livelihood, and that poor and needy persons may be set the work'—the Act goes on to provide that in 'every city, town, and market, and market town, authorities should be enjoined to order a competent stock of wool, hemp, flax, or other stuff by taxation of all, so that every poor and needy person, old and young, able to work and standing in need of relief, shall not fear want of work, go abroad begging, or committing pilfering, or living in idleness.' Let it be noted that these provisions are made for the worthless; how much more does the spirit of these enactments intend that relief should be given in times of exceptional distress to the honest, able workman, skilled or unskilled, who through no fault of his own is reduced to distress! I know all that has been said about not disturbing the labour market, and not retarding the happy day when employment and labour shall be so balanced that there shall be no unemployed; but I contend that to suffer the worthy and deserving to remain wretched and starving in times of distress, which they have in no way brought upon themselves, and for which they cannot be considered responsible, but which arise from the vicissitudes of nature or of their own honest industries—to suffer them to starve would be a crime in a Christian Commonwealth. It is terrible work, terrible work, and we are tyrannised over by a certain school of political economists, which makes the remedy all the more difficult to obtain."

letter to the *XXième Siècle* caused some irritation in England ; and I am accused, as you are, of Socialism. Here, however, Socialism is little studied ; it is a kind of party cry. France is a long way ahead of us in such studies. Nevertheless, our legislation for the protection of labour is already considerably advanced.

Believe me, ever your most devoted,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

#### WHAT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WILL SHOW.

*To the Editor of the "XXième Siècle."*

January, 1891.

Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for the latest number of the *XXième Siècle*, and for your energy in overleaping the end of this century. We have been, up to now, hampered by an excessive individualism, and the next century will show that mankind is greater and more noble than any individual thing. This doctrine, which has its foundation upon Nature's law and Christianity, is taxed with being Socialistic by thoughtless and rash people, as well as by capitalists and the wealthy.

But the future will see the light of reason shed upon the social state of the labouring world. We shall then ascertain what laws are fundamental in a Christian country. It is, therefore, a well-advised endeavour on your part to bring together young and vigorous minds around a centre for the study and the spreading of those vital truths. Politicians and political economists of the modern school have had their day. The twentieth century will be the day of the People and of a well-ordered, prospering, Christian Commonwealth.\*

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

\* This innocent letter from the Cardinal Archbishop to the ardent young French Catholics who are running the *Twentieth Century* alarmed the *St. James's Gazette*. His Eminence made the following statement to a representative of the Press :

"Great," said the Cardinal, "is the power of a single word. When the Corn laws were to be abolished it was called robbery ! When the Irish Church was to be disestablished it was called spoliation ! When the Irish rents

THE EIGHT HOURS' DAY.

*To a correspondent who asked whether a good understanding between masters and workmen was not far better than State intervention.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,

November 25th, 1890.

My dear Sir,—It seems to me that the "eight hours' day" is becoming clearer. Nobody can wish for a law if the matter can be settled permanently by consent. It is contrary to our whole system to do by law what men can do for themselves; but a small dissentient minority might hinder a great consenting majority. A permissive Bill would not meet this case, and a consent established this year might be upset next year, unless it had legal validity. As to overtime, some provision might be made, but it is an exception which ought not to prevent the

were to be reduced it was called confiscation! When the world of labour is to be protected by law it is called Socialism! It may be well, therefore, to know not what Socialism is, for that is hardly possible, but what is not Socialism, for that is necessary for all reasonable men. When I say that it is hardly possible to tell what Socialism is, I say it for this reason, that no sooner does anyone try to define it than three distinct schools of Socialists rise up and deny the accuracy of the definition. I will therefore not attempt so hard a task, but will briefly say what is not Socialism, and I may define it in these words: Just and popular legislation by legitimate authority, which reaches the social needs of the whole Commonwealth in all its manifold classes and interests. Whensoever social evils, by the growth of tradition and custom, and the vicissitudes of time, shall arise in any Commonwealth, the correction of such social evils, like the practice of healing, is conservative of the life and health of society. There are maladies to which human nature is always liable; but he is a poor physician who, to cure a malady, kills the patient. Socialism, on the other hand, identifies social evils with society itself, and kills the patient to cure his maladies. For example: the accumulation of property, whether in capital or in land, in a few hands is to the Socialist the chief evil of the times. To cure it, some Socialists deny the right of property to individuals, which is founded radically in the law of nature. The Legislature will show how, by just legislation which pervades our whole system of taxation, to redress these inequalities. The enactment of the Poor law, the abolition of the Corn laws, the laws of succession to personal property, and the income tax, are all of them just social laws, founded upon the first principles of human society, as strictly conservative of the Commonwealth. I am not saying that other laws of a similar nature may not be required, or that these same laws have as yet received their full and necessary development. I am content with saying that anyone who calls such legislation Socialistic does not yet know what Socialism means."



rule being made. The case of shop assistants and the railway and tram men shows the need of rule and responsibility.\*

Believe me, always yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"THE THAMES BED."

*To Mr. Mann, President of the Dock Labourers' Union.\**

1890.

And now, in publicly thanking you all once more, I am able to tell you that the bed in the London Hospital has been founded under the name of "The Thames Bed." Your contributions, with those of my other friends, have enabled me to leave behind me this proof of my affection and sympathy with the workers of the river, and with their homes which suffered so much last year. I am truly glad to find that the trade of the Port of London has not been less this year, but even more, than in the

\* During the strike on the Scotch railways a month or two later, that this time the Cardinal Archbishop received a representative of the Press, who writes:—"I found him much interested in the whole subject. He stated, however, that he did not think he ought to express any opinion definitely on the details of the strike, as he had not had the means of obtaining personal information. He had not been called upon by the men or by the companies to express any opinion upon the matter. Speaking broadly, and on the general aspect of the situation, however, he characterised as most cruel and inhuman the action of the companies in practically compelling men to work a period of sixteen or eighteen hours. 'I hope,' said His Eminence, 'that the discussion of Mr. Channing's motion will rouse public opinion to a sense of the intolerable duration of labour to which so many men are exposed. No man who works sixteen or eighteen hours a day can live either a domestic or even a human life. I think the time has come when public authority should regulate the hours of labour on railroads for the sake of the men and the safety of the public. I cannot look upon this conflict in Scotland as a private affair between masters and men. No man has a right to endanger the public peace and the public safety.'"

\* In acknowledgment of the address and pecuniary gift presented to him on the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration. When the address was first presented, the Cardinal intimated that he could find no way to show his gratitude so sure as to endow a bed in the Accident Ward of the London Hospital, to be a perpetual memorial of their work during the Dock Strike, and of his thankfulness to them for their kind recognition of the little he was able to do for the thousands of workers on the river Thames.



year before, and that you have obtained a just increase of your wages. It was not to be expected that all questions should be settled at once. The relations of Capital and Labour have been long strained—they need to be revised and fixed upon just and known agreements. This, I hope, is being gradually and peacefully done. Your quiet and reasonable conduct last year won for you the sympathy and confidence of London and of the country at large. Keep on in this same way of peace and quiet and all will be sooner settled for your good and for the good of all dear to you. May God be with you always!

---

WANT IN WINTER :

THE EXISTING RELIEF AGENCIES INADEQUATE.

*To the Editor of the "Times."*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
November, 1886.

Sir,—No one could fail to see that the proposal put forward by the Bishop of London and others, recommending the creation of a fund to give relief in the present winter in the form of wages for work, would inevitably meet with much opposition both reasoned and unreasonable. The latter may be dismissed. The article in the *Times* on the 2nd of this month is a fair example of a well-reasoned, but to my mind an inconclusive, opposition. I would ask you to allow me to state the grounds on which I venture to say this.

Of the existence of distress, widespread and severe in every successive winter, there can be no doubt. A Committee appointed at the Mansion House last year received abundant evidence of this fact. Whether the distress in any given winter be exceptional or not does not affect the question. It was abundantly proved that there are three classes of persons who suffer from poverty and want. First, those who suffer by their own fault and who are not willing to work even if work were found, preferring a life of disorder and idleness; secondly, those who by reason of age or infirmity could not work if work were offered to them; and, thirdly, those who would gladly work if work could be provided for them.

Before I dismiss the first of these three classes, made up of those who for the most part are criminal, and all culpable, I

must say that no Christian Commonwealth ought to abandon them without a permanent and widely-directed effort to reclaim and to restore them to a better state. The existence of a dangerous class is a proof of failure in duty on the part of those to whom the care of the people is entrusted. Such a class could not exist but for parental crime and vice, official neglect and inefficiency, social and personal failure in charity, effort, and self-denial. It is not lawful for us to dismiss even the unworthy in a time of distress without wise and firm exertions in their behalf. But I am not now pleading their cause.

In the second class are those who are either maintained in workhouses under the Poor law, or the aged and infirm among the poor who are ordinarily supported by their children or kindred. The number of these may in part be ascertained by the number who receive outdoor relief; but there are multitudes who receive no outdoor relief and yet, from time to time, suffer severely when the distress of winter presses hardly upon the children or kindred who support them. It has appeared in evidence before the Committee above referred to, that a widespread depression of business has reduced, and is continually reducing, large numbers of smaller tradesmen to absolute want. It was not, however, this second class that was in our minds when the proposal to give relief in the form of work was made public.

I will, therefore, speak only of the third class—namely, of those who would work if work could be found for them. No one denies that present distress demands present relief, nor that the normal condition of society requires that such relief should be provided on principles and in ways sanctioned by a wise political economy and by an official and responsible administration. But, when all such public and responsible agencies are inadequate, what is to be done? Men, women, and children are starving or suffering bitterly by cold and hunger; the Poor Law does not at this time sufficiently provide for them, the Charity Organisation Society has neither means nor extension adequate for their relief, Mansion House funds are denounced for unequal and inefficient administration, private charities are condemned as doles and as multiplying imposture and unthrift—what remains? Is nothing to be done because the existing agencies are inadequate, inapplicable, or inefficient? This is surely unreasonable and heartless. It is rather a peremptory call to do something, and that in the way which is least exposed to the objections of

the scientific and the unwilling. I would, therefore, say at once that they who propose a fund for work have said nothing as to the mode of its administration. Let whatever is distributed be distributed so far as possible through the existing public and responsible agencies. The President of the Local Government Board, Mr. Chamberlain, I believe, some two years ago issued a circular to the Guardians of the Metropolitan District, counselling them to extend the giving of outdoor relief. If the machinery of the Poor Law cannot guard itself against imposture its efficiency ought to be secured by prompt reform. If the Charity Organisation Society and other voluntary associations for the relief of distress believe themselves to be able to deal with the sufferings which the Poor Law does not reach, by all means let the funds raised for the providing of work be so far entrusted to their administration. No doubt the district committees extemporised at the Mansion House last year partially failed from many causes, among which certainly any want of good and honest intention was not to be found. Once more I will ask, if distress is known to exist are we to do nothing because administration is difficult? We have for years been so tutored with warnings against alms and doles and private charities, that Mr. Ruskin has said he never dares to give anything in the streets without looking on all sides to see whether there is a political economist coming.

I have a true and reasoned respect for political economy within its legitimate sphere, but it is circumscribed by higher moral laws to which, if it come in collision with them, it must at least for a time give way. If on the sound and strict principles of political economy poverty and sickness could be remedied by thrift and provident dispensaries, I should rejoice; but knowing, as we all must, that thrift and providence have as yet made but little impression upon the multitudes who are poor, hungry, sick, and dying, we are compelled to relieve human suffering for which no sounder or more disciplined relief as yet exists. The Good Samaritan did not delay to pour oil and wine into the wounds of the man half dead until he had ascertained whether he was responsible for his own distress. Necessity has no law, nor has present distress, except a claim for prompt relief.

There is before us a simple alternative. To those who are willing to work, but can find no work, relief must be given either in the form of work, or without work; but relief without work, we are told, like alms and doles, is demoralising. The alternative, then, is to give relief in work or give no relief. And if it be said that this is a charity labour-test, what better test can



be found to prove that the hungry man is deserving of help? We have for half-a-century extolled the labour-test of the Poor Law ; why, then, is the same test unwise in the administration of help by voluntary action? There is no doubt that work arises out of a "play of social needs," and that its absence is an "absolute social fact," and that work ought to spring from "healthy social activity"; but if hunger is present and work is absent help must be given with or without work until the "play of social needs" and the "healthy social activity" shall have provided work for those who are willing to work, but cannot find it. The Report of the Mansion House Committee, published in the *Times* of the 18th inst., affirms that many willing to work were unemployed and in distress last winter.

I must not trespass longer upon your space. London with its four or five millions of men is abnormal and exceptional altogether. It is the healthiest city in the world, but the death rate in the hovels of the poor is double as compared with the death rate in the homes of the rich. It has hitherto been growing in wealth by twenty millions a year. Multitudes of its poor are worse housed than in any great city, except in parts, we are told, of New York and of Berlin. We are assured by a great authority that poverty is less because outdoor relief is diminishing, but the money spent in indoor relief has steadily increased. We have thousands who would do work if they could find it, in all conditions and classes, reaching even into the lower middle class. The competition for work is so fierce that multitudes are toiling day and night for starvation wages. In our most thriving trades and our wealthiest commercial enterprises men and women by hundreds of thousands are compelled to work for a number of continuous hours beyond human endurance. The hunger and nakedness, disease and death, evolved from our "healthy social activities" are little known except to those who are familiar with the homes of our poor and with the wards of our hospitals. A tithe of the wealth of London would be too much ; a light hearth tax, distributed through the most vigilant and vigorous agencies, would be enough to relieve all ordinary or even exceptional distress.

Thus far I have spoken only of transient relief for transient distress ; but there is still in our power a remedy, permanent, adequate, and full of benefits which would surely return upon ourselves. I mean the sending out of colonists under the direction of the mother country and of the Colonies acting together. This is not to be confounded with the selfish policy of clearance,



against which our people justly rise, nor with the unprovided and precarious emigration of individuals, or even of families, without foresight and provision at home or abroad. Colonisation requires that men and families in groups, combining artisans and agricultural workmen, and provided with the means of self-help and of settling themselves in ordered societies, should be transferred, under the direction of Government, to unoccupied lands in our boundless Empire, where provision shall have been already made for their reception. The funds for such colonisation need not be derived from grants of Imperial taxation, but from loans secured on the lands granted or sold to the colonists. By this extension of our mother country both those who go and those who stay at home are benefited; new fields of industry and new markets for commerce are added to our Commonwealth. The distress of a winter would then issue in the permanent welfare of multitudes who, pent up at home, destroy our social prosperity and are themselves destroyed.

Among the unions of trades and labour in parts of Australia an opposition to the advent of more hands has arisen, and this opposition is represented at the present moment in this country by a delegate selected for that purpose. But the same alarm has always arisen at the outset of any movement or change which affects labour. We are, however, satisfied that no one will be found to affirm that the 6,697,700 of square miles in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Canada are already sufficiently provided with hands or reclaimed by cultivation. There is no doubt local alarm may arise for a time among those who are locally full of work. But we contemplate the colonisation of lands where no hand has as yet traced a homestead or sown a seed. Colonists would not be emigrant competitors for work, but groups passing to united settlements in the far lands of our vast Empire. But beyond this we are reasonably convinced that every new settlement will quicken the trades of our existing Colonies by a new demand for produce and manufactures necessary for life. New home markets would be formed for all Colonial industries, and the Imperial wealth would be increased by the growing welfare both of the mother country and of our people at home and abroad.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

## THE OMNIBUS MEN.

*To Mr. Sutherst.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
June 5th, 1891.

Dear Sir,—The demand of the omnibus men for a day of twelve hours, and a day in fourteen, seems to me most reasonable and moderate. With their present overwork it is impossible for a man to live a domestic, or, I may say, a human life.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

## MR. HENRY GEORGE AT ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE.

*To the Editor of the "Brooklyn Review."*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, London,  
December 1st, 1886.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of November 8th has just reached me, and I am happy to answer your question on the subject of my conversation with Mr. Henry George some months ago, on which I understand statements and comments have been made in the American papers.

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell asked me whether I was willing to receive a visit from Mr. Henry George. I answered that I should most gladly receive him. They therefore called on me together. Thinking that between Mr. Henry George and myself there might not be a common ground on which to meet, I began by saying: "Before we go further, let me know whether we are in agreement upon one vital principle. I believe that the law of property is founded on the law of Nature, and that it is sanctioned in Revelation, declared in the Christian law, taught by the Catholic Church, and incorporated in the civilisation of all nations. Therefore, unless we are in agreement upon this, which lies at the foundation of society, I am afraid we cannot approach each other." I understood Mr. George to say that he did not deny this principle; that his contention is mainly, if not only, on the intolerable evils resulting from an exaggeration of

the law of property. I understood him to mean the old dictum, *Summum jus, summa injuria*. He added that the present separation and opposition of the rich and poor were perilous to society, and that he saw no remedy for them but in the example and teachings of Christ. He spoke fully and reverently on this subject.

I have no distinct recollection of the mention of his books ; but as it has been stated in America that I gave an opinion to the effect that in his book, meaning his original work on "Progress and Poverty," I saw no unsound propositions, I have to state that I have never read the book. I have, however, read his later work, "Social Problems," and in those chapters I did not see anything to censure as unsound. This, so far as my memory carries me, is the substance of our conversation so far as it bears upon Mr. George's works. I cannot, however, end without saying how much I was pleased by the quiet earnestness with which he spoke, and the calmness of his whole bearing.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"SAVE THE BOY!"

*To the Friends of St. Vincent's Home.*

July, 1888.

I wish it had been in my power to be with you to-day,\* and to welcome you to St. Vincent's Home. As that cannot be, I write these few words. You will, I hope, find the Home in a good state. Soon we hope to have a new dormitory for nearly forty boys, and a new refectory ; and, before long, a new lavatory. But we are resolved not to run into debt. We must, therefore beg of you both to give and to gather for us. We have now fifty boys, and of these only twenty-four are paid for ; therefore twenty-six are supported altogether by the Home, and applications are constantly coming in. It is a hard thing to refuse to save a boy ; but if we run into debt the Home will suffer in every way : therefore we earnestly ask your help. You can ask your friends, and send in year by year the maintenance of one

\* The Feast of St. Vincent de Paul at St. Vincent's Home, Harrow Road.

poor boy. It is not the will of Our Father in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish. And how great will be your joy and your reward if you can save one of them. May God give you a generous heart, and a great reward!

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

HOME FOR WORKING BOYS.

*To the Rev. Father Clements.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
November 13th, 1888.

Dear Father Clements,—I have heard with great pleasure of your zealous and prudent undertaking in opening a Home for Working Boys, in which they may be lodged and provided with their food. The moral and religious advantages of this work are very great : and also the safety it will afford to good and industrious boys in obtaining profitable employment. I therefore thank you for what you have done, and pray God may abundantly bless it.

I remain, dear Father Clements,  
Yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

CLUBS FOR WORKING GIRLS.

*To the promoter of a Residence and Club for Catholic Girls engaged in business in London.*

February, 1890.

I very heartily commend the proposal to open a house for our poor, but well-conducted, girls ; to guard and shelter them in their struggling life and to keep them from evil is a duty of both natural and Christian charity. A house where they could lodge safely, or at least where they could spend their few hours of rest in the evening, would save many from danger and misery ; and the kindness and sympathy of a wise and Christian friend would sustain their perseverance in a good life. May God bless the undertaking and all who contribute to its support and foundation !



"THE WHOLE POWER WIELDED BY MR. PARNELL IN 1886."

*To Mr. W. H. Hurlbert.\**

July 1st, 1886.

Dear Mr. Hurlbert,—You ask me whether I share the fears expressed by Mr. Arthur as to the religious liberty of the Protestants in Ireland from the handing over of Ireland to the Parnellite rule. I have no such fear. First, because Mr. Parnell is himself a Protestant, and the other day declared his hope that he should live and die a Protestant. He is not the man, either by his American kindred, or his Cambridge education, or his Irish sympathies, or his English antecedents, to persecute Protestantism anywhere, least of all in Ireland. And, further, because the whole power wielded by Mr. Parnell is the sympathy and trust of the Catholic people of Ireland, in whose behalf I have no hesitation in saying that they never have persecuted their Protestant neighbours in the matter of religion, and have been always the conspicuous examples of respecting the liberty of conscience which has been so cruelly denied to them. The children of Martyrs are not persecutors.

In proof of this read "The Life and Acts of Lord Baltimore" and "The Constitution of Maryland of 1633." Mr. Parnell would readily take the oath framed by the Catholic Lord Baltimore for the Governor of Maryland: "I will not by myself or any other directly or indirectly molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ for or in respect of religion." He invited the Puritans of Massachusetts to come into Maryland. In 1649, when persecution had broken out again in England, Lord Baltimore received into Maryland the Episcopalians and Protestants who fled from Virginia. It was the Puritan revolution in England that brought in a Puritan revolution in Maryland and the disfranchisement of the whole Catholic population. The great American Union of this day is true to the spirit of Lord Baltimore, and the Catholic people of Ireland would never adopt the policy which overthrew the toleration of Maryland.

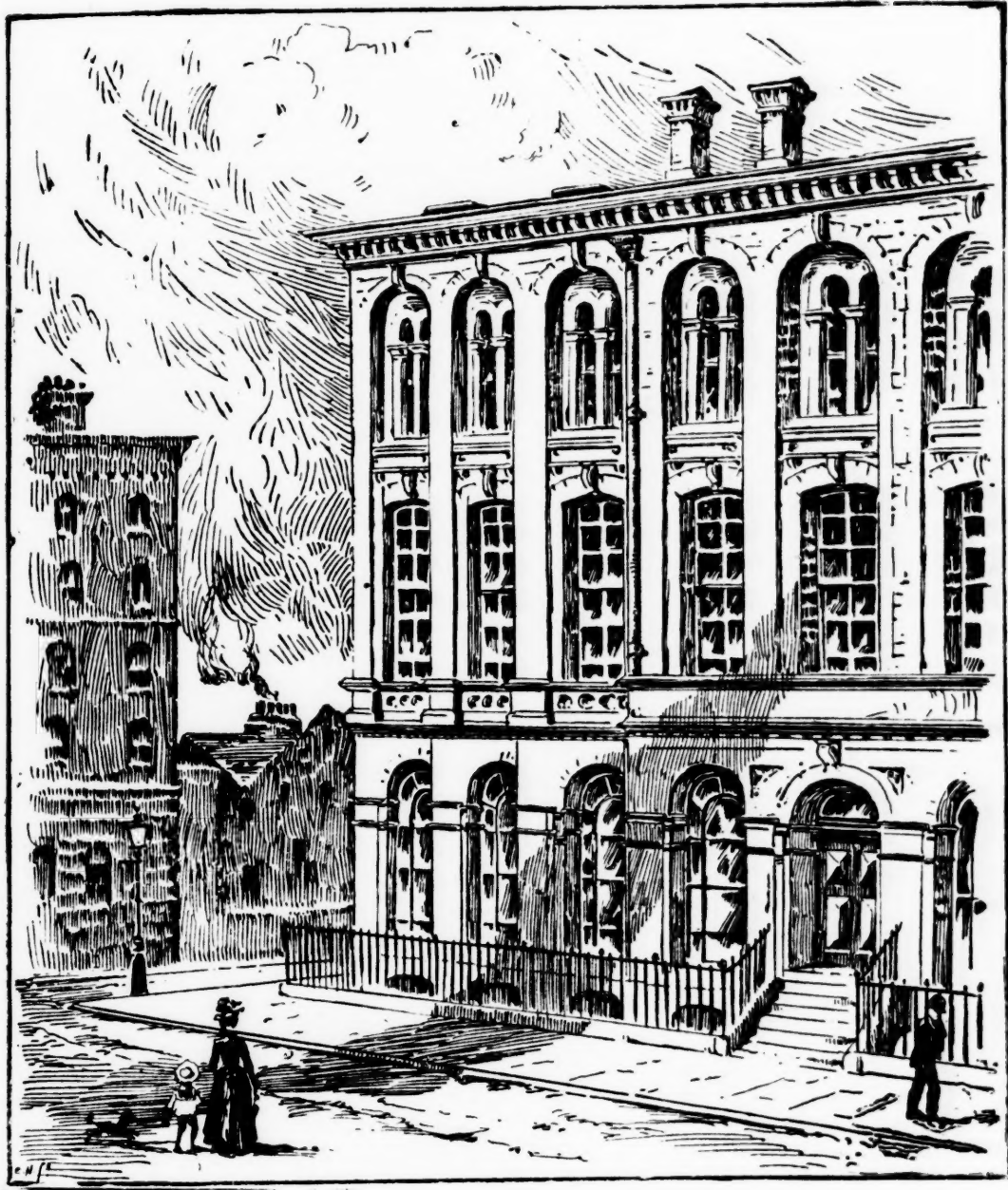
But we need not go out of Ireland for proof. Mr. Fox, in his excellent pamphlet (p. 61), "Why Ireland wants Home Rule," has quoted Leland and Taylor to show that when in the reign of Mary Protestants fled over to Dublin for safety from the Parliament of England, the Dublin merchants rented and

\* In reply to a letter calling attention to Mr. Arthur's declaration that he thought it a moral mystery how any friend of religious liberty could consent to "hand over Ireland to Parnellite rule."

furnished seventy-four houses to shelter those who fled from Bristol. They provided for them, and after the persecutions ceased conveyed them back to England. Taylor says that "on three occasions they (the Catholics) had the upper hand, and that they never either injured or killed anyone for professing a religion different from their own. By suffering persecution they had learned to be merciful." Again, in 1689, the Catholic Parliament in Dublin "passed many laws in favour of liberty of conscience." At that moment both in England and Scotland Catholics were proscribed.

It is both senseless and shallow to quote old texts written when the great revolt of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the main subject in debate. The unity of Christian Europe was an ancient and precious inheritance, and they who broke it were each one severally and personally guilty of the act. The preservation of religious unity for the peace of Commonwealths and for the inheritance of posterity was the duty of States. But when unity is once broken, the generations born into the confusions and divisions of the past are in a condition in which persecution is a crime and a heresy. It is a crime, because the millions are unconsciously born into a state of privation of which they are not the authors; and a heresy, because faith is a moral act of human liberty in reason, heart, and will. Force may make hypocrites; it can never generate faith. The pastors and the people of Catholic Ireland are too profoundly conscious of these truths to debase the Divine tradition of their faith with the human cruelties of retaliation. It would level Ireland down to the massacres of Cromwell and to the Penal laws of Ormonde. But that I may not be suspected of only giving my private opinion, I will quote an authority before which even Mr. Arthur will, I hope, be silent. Leo XIII., on November 1st last year, promulgated these words to the whole Catholic world: "The Church, it is true, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of Divine worship on the same footing as the true religion. Still it does not on that account condemn those rulers who, for the sake of securing some great good or of preventing some great evil, allow by custom and usage each kind of religion to have its place in the State. Indeed, the Church is wont diligently to take care that no one shall be compelled against his will to embrace the Catholic faith, for as St. Augustine wisely reminds us, 'Man cannot believe otherwise than of his own free will.'"

After this it is hardly worth adding that Mr. Gladstone pro-



SKETCH OF THE EXTERIOR OF ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE.



vided in his Bill that the statutory Parliament should not establish any religion.

But I must acknowledge that with the 12th of July near at hand, and with Belfast and the conflicts of Canada and Newfoundland before our eyes, and certain recent speeches ringing in our ears, and Mr. Arthur's letter in remembrance, I cannot but be afraid that there may be an appeal to the animosities of flesh and blood in the name of religious liberty, and that the fiery cross may be sent round, not by a Catholic majority in Ireland or in America, but by politicians and by over-lords whose power is gone. *Odisse quos læseris.* They need fear nothing from Catholic Ireland, and they will do well to read again Æsop's fable of the wolf and the lamb.

Mr. Arthur speaks of "handing over Ireland to Parnellite rule." This does not seem to me to be the transfer now proposed. For centuries Ireland has been held by a garrison. Elizabeth, James, Cromwell, and William III. held it by a minority of English and Scotch with a small number of Irishmen. The Government was essentially an adverse occupation in a country of which the immense majority accepted neither the laws nor the fountain from which they flowed. Cut down, spoiled, exhausted, the Irish people could not regain their liberties, be they civil or religious. If Mr. Pitt's policy of the Union had been carried out the Irish people would have been emancipated, enfranchised, and admitted eighty years ago to a share in making laws for Ireland. The emancipation, with every circumstance of irritation and bigotry, was defeated for eight-and-twenty years. But the Union, baffled as it has been, has done for Ireland more than we seem willing to acknowledge. Ireland was never so united as it is now. The Catholics of Ireland, since their three confiscations, have never held so much land as they hold to-day. There was never so much money in Ireland, with all its inequalities and vexatious restrictions; the primary, falsely called the national, education, was never so widespread. Ireland had never so powerful a public opinion, or so vigorous a Press, or so great a hold on the chief centres of England, or upon the public opinion of Great Britain, or upon the Imperial Parliament, as it has at this hour. The remnant of Connaught has become a great people; still it does not govern itself as England and Scotland do. It is indeed represented in the Imperial Parliament; but till now the minority in Ireland, with an English or Scotch majority in Parliament, has defeated or delayed the legislation desired and demanded by the majority of the people of Ireland. The time



is come when Ireland shall be handed over to itself. Its people have attained their majority. Mr. Parnell has, indeed, done what no other man attempted to do. He has filled the place he found vacant. He has known the needs and interpreted the desire of the Irish people. Therefore, he leads. But the transfer of self-government is not to Mr. Parnell nor to Parnellites, but to Ireland and to the Irish people. In these years of terrible conflict much that is unwise has been spoken, much that is wrong has been done, much that is execrable has been perpetrated. If I do not gratify those who will neither see nor speak of anything else by denouncing such deplorable blemishes and such ignominious brands upon a cause essentially just and sacred, it is not that I deny them or condone them. But they are used for a purpose, and they obscure the truth. Mr. Parnell and his followers are the forlorn hope which has carried the stronghold. Forlorn hopes do their work, and are for ever remembered with gratitude and honour; but they return into the army out of which they came, and the army holds the field. What Mr. Parnell and his singularly able lieutenants have accomplished will never be forgotten; but it is Ireland that by self-culture will order and unfold itself. "Society which springs from the soil and forms itself by the tillage of the land, training its people to thrift and industry, and unfolding its steady growth in homes, hamlets, villages, towns, and cities, ripening by centuries of time and binding all orders and inequalities of rich and poor, master and servant, together in mutual dependence, mutual justice, mutual charity, making even the idle to be thrifty, and the powerful to be compassionate—this growth of human happiness and social order, which in England and Scotland is so symmetrical and mature, in Ireland has been checked at the root. The centuries which have ripened England and Scotland into flower and fruit have swept over Ireland in withering and desolation. We are beginning in the nineteenth century to undo the miseries of the seventeenth and eighteenth. But let us not excuse ourselves by alleging the faults of national character. If our Irish brethren have faults, they are for the most part what England has made them. Englishmen with a like treatment would have been the same." The root that has been checked is the possession and the culture of the land on which the people have been born, and to which they will return with the love of children to a mother. It is the law of Nature which is the law of God; and they who fight against it must fail at last. It was violated by warfare, it must be revived by wise and peaceful legislation. It may cost much,

but reparation must be made—and reparations are always costly and involve those who are innocent of the ancient wrongs.

In your majestic Union (America) there is a central power which binds all your liberties and legislatures into one Commonwealth. England, Ireland, and Scotland must, in my belief, all alike have Home Rule in affairs that are not Imperial. The growth of Empire and the fulness of time demand it. But there is an august sovereignty of a thousand years, the centre of a world-wide Empire, standing in the midst of us. England, Scotland, and Ireland can be handed over to no man and to no movement; neither can they wrong one another, or put fetters on the liberties of any member of our great Imperial Commonwealth. The sovereignty pervades all its parts, and will ever restrain and promptly redress all excesses of delegated powers. I wish I could have written a shorter reply, but on a subject near my heart I hardly know when or where to stop.

Believe me always, faithfully yours,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

MR. PARNELL IN 1891.

*To the Archbishop of Dublin.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
June 4th, 1891.

My dear Lord Archbishop,—I hope the Archbishop of Montreal was not deceived by the audacious falsehood in which my name occurs. The statement is not only without shadow of foundation, but at variance with my repeated written declarations. But as the *Freeman's Journal* has, so far as I know, suppressed what I have written, I am the less surprised at its publishing this fabrication.

For many years I have held that a judicial record such as that in Mr. Parnell's case disqualifies a man for public life. From the moment of this deplorable divorce case I have held Mr. Parnell to be excluded from leadership, not on political, but on moral grounds. Men in various responsible offices have

\* Who sent to His Eminence a statement published in Montreal, that "Cardinal Manning said that Mr. Parnell's retirement should be demanded not on moral, but on political grounds."

letters of mine of that date containing this express judgment. But I hardly need to say more.

Believe me always, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"MY OLD AND TRIED SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND."

*To Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., as Chairman of the St. Patrick's  
Day Banquet in London, 1891.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
March 17th, 1891.

Dear Mr. McCarthy,—When you invited me to keep St. Patrick's Day with you I gladly accepted the invitation, subject only to the condition that I could risk the weather at night. This, I am sorry to say, I must not do, and I can only send you my sincere regrets in writing.

There are two motives prompting me to be with you. The one is my old and tried sympathy with Ireland, the other is my joy to see the sudden and powerful rise of an organisation which represents, more than any party or league hitherto existing, the religious, social, and national life of Ireland. The Convention of the 10th in Dublin was truly the Irish people of the four provinces by representation, from the successor of St. Patrick down to the humblest of the land. I wished to be with you to-night that I might express in public what until now I have had no opportunity of stating. From the moment that I heard of the deplorable event that has deprived you of your former leader, I felt that there was open to you no course except the decision which you have rightly, but reluctantly, adopted. It was not for me to speak before the Bishops of Ireland had spoken; and when, after a wise forbearance, they had spoken with authority, there was no need of any words of mine. My flock and my friends well know what I thought, and I have accepted the declaration of the Bishops of Ireland as my own.

I must not detain you by many words; but I cannot end without saying that I see Ireland rising and reorganising itself, after a passing obscurity, upon the old and only lines which have unfolded its noble life throughout the world. From this root it has sprung, and for 1,400 years has multiplied itself. I



believe the promise of St. Patrick, that "he should never lose the people that had been given to him in the ends of the earth." May your festival be happy, and full of a great future!

Believe me, always very faithfully yours,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

MONSIGNOR PERSICO'S MISSION TO IRELAND.

*To the Editor of the "Times."*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
June 27th, 1887.

Sir,—In your leading article of this morning you express your regret that the mission of Monsignor Persico has been revoked, "at the instance, apparently, of Cardinal Manning and Archbishop Walsh;" adding, "The active promoters of Separatist intrigues are hardly the persons who should have a determining voice in the councils of the Church." On this I have two remarks to make.

1. The word "apparently" will not clear the *Times* of the grave responsibility of sending all over the world a statement which is false. A contradiction, in the name of Archbishop Walsh and in my own, is to be found in the *St. James's Gazette* and in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of this evening.

2. My other remark is of a graver kind. You describe Archbishop Walsh and myself as "active promoters of Separatist intrigues." No gloss or evasion can explain this away; for you fix the meaning of the terms by describing us as having "a determining voice in the councils of the Church." This can apply to no layman; and the Archbishop of Dublin and myself are the text of this comment. I gladly unite myself with the Archbishop of Dublin. He is but slightly known in England, except in the descriptions of those who are fanning the flames of animosity between England and Ireland. I am known in England both to Ministers of the Crown and to the leaders of the Opposition. I leave to them, who well know my mind, to answer for me; and I, who know the mind of the Archbishop of Dublin, answer for him. We are neither intriguers nor Separatists.

If, Sir, I have written with unusual warmth, I will confess to



you that I hold resentment to be sometimes a duty. And this is such a time, when your words touch our highest responsibility, and inflame more and more the heated contentions between two peoples whom justice and truth would still bind in peace and unity. I ask you, Sir, as an act of justice, to give to this letter as prominent a place in the *Times* of to-morrow as you have unwarily given to the unhappy imputations of this morning.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"ANYTHING CONNECTED WITH HIM OR WITH IRELAND HAS  
MY HEARTFELT SYMPATHY."

*To one of the Honorary Secretaries of the "Father Mathew  
Centenary" Fund in Cork.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
March 12th, 1889.

Dear Mr. Giltinan,—I have great pleasure in giving my name as a patron of the celebration of Father Mathew's Centenary. Anything connected with him or with Ireland has my heartfelt sympathy; and I am rejoiced to know that the work of Father Mathew has been revived in his own city by the zeal of your devoted Bishop, priests, and people. May God abundantly bless and prosper it.

Believe me, always faithfully yours,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"IRELAND AND ENGLAND SOBER WOULD BE IRELAND AND  
ENGLAND FREE."

*To the Bishop of Cork.*

October, 1890.

My Lord,—Let me congratulate you on the great and joyful solemnities of Father Mathew's Centenary in his own city and

home. They will begin with the blessing of God, and will be carried out in faith and charity to all men. Every man and every association working to save our people from the curse and plague of intemperance has the sympathy and goodwill of the League of the Cross. It bids them all God-speed ; but it inflexibly maintains its own inviolable rule of total abstinence from all intoxicating drink. This was the Father Mathew pledge, and from this the League of the Cross will never depart. This, too, was the inheritance bequeathed to us, and we will gather into it, not only the fallen that they may arise again, but the innocent that they may never fall.

Father Mathew, on his death-bed, rejoiced to hear of the founding of the United Kingdom Alliance, to obtain from the Legislature the power to check and control the great drink trade. He saw that the work of one man may die with him, and that nothing but a firm organisation of men could keep alive and perpetuate such good works as he had wrought. The League of the Cross is that organisation ; and he would have rejoiced on his death-bed if he could have foreseen the sacred solemnities and the popular enthusiasm of these days in his own city. His prayers are offered up for you. His work has sprung up anew. The Bishops and priests of ever-faithful Ireland are rising from sea to sea to revive his work. The Bishops of England are also joining hand in hand with you in this great effort to redeem the body and soul of our people from the bondage and death of intemperance.

Ireland and England sober would be Ireland and England free. Go on, then, with a manly courage. It may be hindered, but it cannot fail. God is with those who serve Him ; and if He is with us, who could be against us ? Total abstinence is a counsel of a higher life against which the world has no power, if we only are faithful to ourselves. My Lord, let me ask you to permit Canon Murnane to read this letter to the Convention, and to give my blessing to yourself and all assembled.

Believe me to be your affectionate servant and brother,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster ;  
President of the League of the Cross in England.

THE HOUSING OF THE DUBLIN POOR.

*To the Secretary of the National Labourers' Dwellings and Sanitary Association.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
December 3rd, 1889.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your kindness in sending to me the Report of the Provisional Committee on the Artisans' Dwellings in Dublin, and it gives me great pleasure to know that you are vigorously taking in hand the work, not only of improving, but also of erecting the dwellings of those who live by labour. The late Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes sent a number of their Commissioners over into Dublin, and I well remember the evidence which they brought back to us.

It has always appeared to me that it is hardly possible for the domestic life of our people to be preserved in dwellings that are not fit for human habitation, but I rejoice to know that even under the greatest disadvantages the domestic life of many in Dublin, in Glasgow, and in London prevails over their homeless state. I do not know what are the legal powers already possessed by your local authorities. I hope they are as extensive as ours in London. What is wanted with us, and it may be with you, is a prompt and vigorous application of the statute law as it exists; but I know well what enormous difficulties still remain to be surmounted. I heartily wish all prosperity to the Artisans' Dwellings Committee.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,

Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"WHEN WE WERE BOYS."

*To Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
June 3rd, 1890.

My dear Mr. O'Brien,—In my last letter I promised you that I would write again when I had finished reading your book. But when I got to the end I forgot the book and could only think of

Ireland ; its manifold sufferings, and its inextricable sorrows. For years I have been saying these words, "The Irish people are the most profoundly Christian and the most energetically Catholic people on the face of the earth." They have also been afflicted by every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined—all that centuries of warfare of race against race and religion against religion can inflict upon a people has been their inheritance.

But the day of restitution has nearly come. I hope to see the daybreak, and I hope you will see the noontide when the people of Ireland will be re-admitted, so far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted, so far as possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the Empire. Then Ken and Mabel shall be no more parted.

Believe me, always yours very faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"TEMPERANCE IS GOOD : TOTAL ABSTINENCE BETTER."

*To the Pastors and People of Ireland and of England, met in  
Convention at Thurles.*

Westminster, July 15th, 1889.

When in past years the Convention of the League of the Cross met in Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle, I had great joy, knowing how powerfully the League of Total Abstinence was sustained and spread in England by those yearly meetings. But I have never rejoiced with such confidence as in this year, when our League of the Cross and St. Patrick's League of the Cross meet together ; and that in the heart of Ireland and under the authority and protection of my dear brother and friend, the Archbishop of Cashel. I take it as a pledge that a League of Total Abstinence, both in Ireland and in England, will root itself firmly and spread itself more widely than ever.

Twenty years have taught me that the great bar which in our days closes the soul of man against the Word of God and the Holy Sacrament is excess in intoxicating drink, and that the surest discipline, both for the salvation of the intemperate and for the sanctification of the temperate is total abstinence. Tem-



perance is good : total abstinence better. We are all pledged to temperance by the vows of our Baptism. No one is bound to total abstinence. It is the free choice of those who aspire to live by the counsel of a higher life. Happy are the homes where the father and mother are pledged to the higher life. Happy are the children who have never known the taste of intoxicating drink. Happy are they who, by total abstinence, have broken the bondage of intemperance. Happy are they who have taken the pledge, not for any need of their own, but to save others by word and example from spiritual death. In such homes and hearts the peace of God will reign. And happy, above all, are the pastors who go before their flocks in St. Patrick's League of the Cross. The Apostleship of Theobald Mathew in Ireland and in England is not dead. It is risen again, full of life and power. This day it is witnessed by the Rock of Cashel. May God bless Ireland and all the homes of St. Patrick's League. Old age keeps me from you, but my heart is with you all. Our devoted priests and faithful men of England will tell you how we rejoice in all your joys and sorrow in all your sorrows. The unity of our faith cannot be more perfect. But this day at Thurles will bind us for ever in a fervent brotherly love.

May the God of peace be always with you.

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"THE FOUNDATION OF DEATH."

*To Mr. A. Gustafson.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
August 13th, 1884.

Dear Mr. Gustafson,—All last week I was out of London and it has been impossible for me until to-day to look over your book on the "Foundation of Death." I have now done so, but it is a work so extensive and full of all kinds of historical and argumentative matter, that I can in no way do justice to it in the time at my command.

I have, however, seen enough of it to say that I know of no other work so elaborate or so complete. The immense mass of miscellaneous knowledge contained in it can, so far as I know,

be found nowhere else; and the arguments by which you prove the perilous and pernicious effects of intoxicating drink, in all its forms, are, in my judgment, irresistible; and equally so are those by which you prove that total abstinence is not only a generous use of our Christian liberty for the sake of others, but that it is wholesome and beneficial for all men, and vitally necessary for those over whom intoxicating drink has gained a dominion.

I heartily thank you for your excellent book, and I rejoice to hear that it is so soon going into a second edition. I hope it will be diffused wheresoever the English language is spoken.

I remain, dear Mr. Gustafson, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"THIS COUNSEL OF A HIGHER LIFE."

*To the organiser of a meeting convened by the National Temperance League in commemoration of the 100th birthday of Father Mathew.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
October 9th, 1890.

My dear Mr. Rae,—Be so good as to assure the chairman and the meeting to-morrow night that it is a loss to me to be kept at home and unable to be with you and to share in your commemoration of Father Mathew, truly called the Apostle of Total Abstinence. Happy are they who willingly follow this counsel of a higher life, which brings many blessings on them and all dear to them. Moreover, it is the true strength which will one day win for the people the safety of the local veto.\*

Believe me, always yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

\* A correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles*, who had an audience of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster at this date, gives the following account of what was spoken:—"Do you take any part in a Temperance Society?" he asked me. "Yes," I answered, "I contribute annually 5 fcs.

THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS AND THE INDIAN ARMY.

*To the Rev. Oscar Watkins, Bengal Chaplain.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
November 7th, 1888.

Rev. and dear Sir,—I am greatly rejoiced that the Commander-in-Chief in India is willing to take in hand the Temperance of the Army. It would appear to me therefore :

1. That there ought to be a system or organisation, drawn up and prescribed by him for the whole Army, providing all the facilities necessary for the meetings and practices of the various voluntary Temperance Associations ; but that this system, sanctioned by authority, should be purely secular in all its details.
2. That every voluntary Temperance Association should be absolutely free in its religious character, practices, and spirit, according to the discipline already so happily in force in the British Army.
3. That the League of the Cross, to which I confine myself, should have as its President, in every regiment, the Catholic Chaplain ; and should be guided by him as to the enrolment of members, the weekly meetings of devotion, etc.
4. That the League of the Cross should have the least possible organisation of its own beyond the four essential points which I pointed out to you ; and that, so far as possible, there should be no money payments as condition to membership.

The efficiency of the League of the Cross will depend absolutely on the zeal of the chaplain ; and I cannot doubt that the experience of all military chaplains will move them to do their utmost to save our brave men from the deadly wreck of intem-

to the Society of M. Cauderlier at Brussels." "But do you practise it?" "Hum, I believe myself to be sober, but I am not pledged to total abstinence. A glass of Chambertin, or even one of Scotch whisky, prevents a cold. Our climate——" "Ta, ta, ta ! It is a duty to purify our social life. Our people are the victims of the manufacturers of alcohol ; modern democracy is poisoned by them. The future of humanity is compromised ; one must declare against intoxicants war, war to the death. Begin by setting a good example." "Eminence, I will reflect on all you have said, and I will tell M. Cauderlier." "Tell him that an old English Bishop, at the end of his life, sends his blessing."

perance. The priests from Ireland will know what an immense change has been wrought by St. Patrick's League of the Cross in the south and west of Ireland. They will, I am sure, be prompt and earnest in forming branches of Total Abstinence among the soldiers.

I feel also confident that the Italian chaplains, knowing the temperance of Italy, and horrified at our frightful excesses both in men and women, will gladly do all they can for the League of the Cross, which has received the especial Benediction both of Pius IX. and of Leo XIII. I enclose a Rescript of Leo XIII. conveying his approval and Benediction to the Temperance Associations of the United States.

Bidding heartily God-speed to you and to all your works,

Believe me, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"YOUR ARCHBISHOP HAS DONE SPLENDIDLY."

*To Dean Taylor of Greenock.*

February, 1890.

My dear Father Taylor,—I am truly sorry that I did not write in time for your meeting of the League of the Cross on the 3rd inst., but I have been laid up for a month, and am in arrears. Your Archbishop has done splendidly, and has set us an example, and you have shown the perseverance of a good soldier for so many years all alone and under fire, and your branch of the League have held together in square nobly. Give them my blessing, and say how well I remember the evening I was in Greenock, and the welcome they gave me. Tell them to enrol all their children from infancy. May God bless and prosper you and all your flock.

Believe me, always very faithfully yours,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.



A COUNSEL OF HIGHER LIFE.

*To the Rev. J. F. Flood.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
All Saints, 1888.

Rev. and dear Father,—Ever since your letter came I have been laid up with a severe cold, and I would not let anyone write for me. With all my heart I bless the League of the Cross in Athlone: the men, the women, and the children enrolled in it. I hope all fathers and mothers will bring up their children from infancy in Total Abstinence. It is not only a guard against many and the deadliest temptations, but it is a counsel of a higher life which teaches temperance in all things, and lifts our will up to desire and to do better things.

Ask your people to pray for me, for I feel the weight of my eighty years.

Believe me, Rev. and dear Father,

Yours very truly in Jesus Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

LONDON WATER.

*To Mr. J. Beal.*

July, 1890.

My interest in the subject is as great as it was, and my conviction that the water supply of the metropolis ought to be no longer in the hands of private companies is greater than ever. I am glad to see the movement, in which we worked together many years ago, more widely, and I hope more successfully, taken up by public authorities.

---

"IN DARKEST ENGLAND."

*To General Booth.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
October 30th, 1890.

Dear General Booth,—The gift of your book, with your letter, has just reached me, and I lose no time in thanking you

\* Of St. Mary's, Athlone, who had written for His Eminence's blessing and a few words of encouragement for the Athlone Branch of the League of the Cross.

for it. I have already sufficient knowledge of its contents to say at once how fully it commands my sympathy. Your comments on modern political economy, Poor-law administration, Government statistics, and official inquiries are to the letter what I have said in private and in public for years. These are superficial and unreal. You have gone down into the depths.

Every living soul cost the Most Precious Blood, and we ought to save it, even the worthless and the worst. After the Trafalgar Square miseries I wrote a "Pleading for the Worthless," which probably you never saw. It would show you how completely my heart is in your book. No doubt you remember that the Poor laws of Queen Elizabeth compelled parishes to provide work for the able-bodied unemployed, and to lay in stores of raw material for work.

The modern political economists denounce the giving of work even in winter, and to honest and true men out of work, as alms and as demoralising. I hold that every man has a right to bread or to work. These modern economists say society must adjust the demand and supply of labour until all are employed. I have asked, "How many years are required for this absorption? And how many weeks or days will starve honest men and their children?" To this I have never got an answer.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

JOHN WESLEY.

*To the Editor of the "Methodist Times." \**

1889.

Dear Sir,—I have so often spoken in the sense of the enclosed paragraph and even more fully, that I cannot remember when, where, or under what circumstances, these words were spoken. But you will find their equivalent at page 36 of a Preface to "England and Christendom," and in the last of "Four Lectures on the Grounds of Faith." I am thankful to say that I have a

\* Who asked whether His Eminence was correctly reported as saying: "Had it not been for the preaching of John Wesley, no man could tell how deep in degradation England would have sunk."



HIS EMINENCE'S INNER CHAMBER.

warm sympathy with all who love our Divine Lord and labour for Him.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

CATHOLICS AND THE ABBEY SERVICE IN HONOUR OF THE  
QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

*To the Editor of the "Morning Post."*

Archbishop's House,  
June 20th, 1887.

Sir,—My attention has this moment been called to a paragraph in your paper of to-day beginning with the words: "We regret to learn that some three hundred peers and personages of distinction of the Roman Catholic faith have returned their tickets for the ceremony at Westminster Abbey." The paragraph continues with the words: "This extraordinary proceeding," etc. From this it is evident that you are not aware of the obligation which binds the members of the Catholic Church to unite in Divine worship in the unity of the Church alone, and to take no part in any religious acts out of its unity.

Nevertheless, any Catholic holding an office which requires immediate attendance on the person of the Sovereign may accompany the Sovereign and render a civil assistance or fulfilment of such personal official duty. This exception does not extend to others who hold no such office. The solemnities in Westminster Abbey are, I rejoice to know, in the highest sense of a religious character. I need not therefore point out the application of the law of the Church. I think it, however, my duty to add that in every Catholic church throughout London the solemn Mass of Thanksgiving and *Te Deum* will be offered to-morrow, with fervent prayers for the welfare and happiness of Her Majesty.

I make no comment on the last words of your paragraph, being sure that fuller information would have restrained you from what is there said. I am not aware that any tickets for the Abbey have been returned, as you say; but I can attest that they, if any, who may have done so are loyal and loving subjects of Her Majesty.

I remain, Sir, yours, etc.

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.



CHRISTIAN BLOOD IN JEWISH RITES :

"I HAVE NEITHER SYMPATHY NOR CREDULITY FOR SUCH HORRORS."

*To the Rabbi Adler.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
December 13th, 1889.

Dear Rabbi Adler,—I do not know what Leo XIII. may have said upon the subject of your letter,\* but I will, without delay, send what you have written to Rome.

You only do me justice in believing that I have neither sympathy nor credulity for such horrors.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE BOOK AND THE VATICAN.

*To the Rabbi Adler.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
January 16th, 1890.

Dear Rabbi Adler,—I sent your letter to Rome, and it was officially communicated to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla. His reply is as follows :

"That the Pope directed the usual letter, which acknowledges the receipt of books, without any commendation on them, to

\* In this letter, dated from the office of the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler said : " In common with all the members of my community, I cherish with sentiments of heartfelt gratitude the recollection of the invaluable service rendered by your Eminence to my fellow religionists a few years ago, on the sad occasion of the Russian persecutions. These memories encourage me to appeal to your sentiments of humane sympathy in the present instance. The newspapers report that a book has recently been published by M. Henri Desportes, entitled "*Le Mystère du Sang chez les Juifs*," in which a monstrous fable is revived—I shudder while I transcribe it—that the blood of Christian children is necessary for the performance of Jewish rites. The fact is deeply to be regretted that in this nineteenth century a literary resurrectionist should unearth the putrid carcass of mediæval prejudice, and seek to fill the atmosphere of brotherly love and charity with the miasma of hatred and ill-will. Yet we could have afforded to ignore the compilation of an obscure writer, hoping that, ere long, it might have been relegated to the

be sent to the author, of whose book you complain. It was the formal letter sent to everyone before the book is examined, and often before it is seen."

Nothing could be farther from the mind of the Pope than to wound gratuitously the susceptibilities of the Jewish people.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

THE PERSECUTED JEWS OF RUSSIA.

*To Sir John Simon.*

December 8th, 1890.

Dear Sir John Simon,—To you and to your son, in 1882, I owed the knowledge which impelled me to take part in the meeting at the Mansion House in behalf of the Jews then suffering cruel oppression in Russia; and to you and to your son, again, I owe now the ample and certain information which made me promise that I would move the second resolution at the meeting of the 10th inst. at Guildhall. To you, therefore, I must first write to say that I have now no words to express my deep regret that I am unable to keep that promise. For two months I have been kept to the house by a bad cold caught in September, and I am afraid of its return at the beginning of winter. Sores against my will, I am, therefore, unable to take part in the meeting of the 10th inst. For this reason, I am compelled to say in writing what I would I could have said in words.

The second resolution seems to me well and wisely drawn. It assumes that the Czar of All the Russias has no share by will, or by knowledge, in the cruel acts of his distant provincial governors. The oppression of Proconsuls has always been a stain in the history of great Empires. The personal and domestic

limbo of oblivion. But the matter assumes a different complexion when we see it stated in the newspapers that Cardinal Rampolla has written to the author, intimating to him that 'the Pope greatly approves of his work on the horrible custom of the rabbinical Jews.' I refuse to believe that the exalted Head of the Roman Catholic Church, famed as he is for his wisdom, clemency, and justice, can have given utterance to these words. For there is not one phrase in the whole *corpus* of Jewish literature which can be construed as suggesting so fearful a crime, nor is there one trustworthy fact in history which could, in the remotest degree, justify so foul an aspersion "

virtues of the Czar are indeed a sure pledge that he is incapable of harshness to the least of his subjects ; and the illustrious lady who shares his throne, like her Royal sister, to whom all Englishmen are chivalrously devoted, is a supreme guarantee of the Imperial justice and clemency. We therefore humbly petition His Imperial Majesty to order an inquiry to be made into the sufferings of the Jewish race, and the laws that affect them, both within the pale where they are compelled to reside and wheresoever they may be found within the dominions of Russia.

I can hear some of our politicians asking with heat, why we assume to ourselves the freedom of intruding upon the domestic legislation of a friendly State, and even of a great Empire? In answer, I say at once, because we refuse to accept the modern theory of non-intervention, which had its first expression in the question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" We willingly acknowledge that intervention, even such as we exercise at the Guildhall, demands a justifying cause ; and we contend that such a cause exists.

It exists manifestly in the fact that what afflicts the Jewish race in Russia afflicts the Jewish race in England, and in every civilised State. The people of Israel in their dispersion are like the nerves of sensation in which we are enveloped ; wounded in one spot they suffer in all. Six millions of men in Russia are so hemmed in and hedged about by Penal laws as to residence, and food, and education, and property, and trade, and military service, and domiciliary visits, and police inspection, as to justify the words that "no Jew can earn a livelihood" ; and that "they are watched as criminals." The narratives before us may be highly coloured, they may be overcharged ; but all deductions made, they show both a violent and a refined injustice, which is perpetually as "iron entering the soul." And, further, when the cry of such a multitude of sufferings is wafted through the Commonwealth of Europe, it is surely a part of the comity of nations that we should, with all due respect, make known what we have heard, in the confidence that if things be so, the first to seek out and to treat such evils would be the supreme authority of the realm from whence these wailing voices come.

We show no disrespect in believing that what reaches our ears may not have reached the ears of those who are most highly exalted. Knowledge travels more readily on lower levels, and often does not ascend to the highest regions ; the highest are, as a rule, the last to know the excesses and malpractices of their



local authorities. We therefore, with all due reverence, petition the Imperial Ruler of All the Russias to take account of all the governors of the Jewish pale; and even this we should not venture to do, if the sufferings alleged were not of such a kind and of such an extent as to violate the great and primary laws of human society. On this broad and solid base of natural law the jurisprudence of European civilisation rests. The public moral sense of all nations is created and sustained by participation in this universal common law; when this is anywhere broken, or wounded, it is not only sympathy but civilisation that has the privilege of respectful remonstrance.

I am well aware of the counter allegations, not only of the anti-Semitic press, but of guarded and responsible adversaries; nevertheless, it is certain that races are as they are treated. How can citizens, who are denied the rights of naturalisation, be patriotic? How can men, who are only allowed to breathe the air—but not to own the soil under their feet—to eat only a food that is doubly taxed, to be slain in war, but never to command—how shall such a homeless and caste-exiled race live the life of the people among whom they are despised, or love the land which disowns them?

It would seem to me that if such were the sufferings of any nation, even in Central Africa, we should be not only justified, but called on, to intervene. How much more, then, in behalf of a race who, in their past and their present and their future, demand of us an exceptional reverence; a race with a sacred history of nearly four thousand years; at present without a parallel, dispersed in all lands, with an imperishable personal identity, isolated and changeless, greatly afflicted, without home or fatherland; visibly reserved for a future of signal mercy. Into this I will not enter further than to say, that any man who does not believe in their future must be a careless reader, not only of the old Jewish Scriptures, but even of our own. It is not our duty to add to their afflictions, nor to look on unmoved, and to keep the garments when others stone them.

If we know the mind of our Master, Who prayed for them in His last hour, we owe to them both the justice of the old law and the charity of the new.

Believe me, always yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.



MUSIC IN THE CHURCHES :

"A GREAT MISERY AND HINDRANCE TO PIETY."

*To Canon Murnane, of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,

April 22nd, 1890.

My dear Canon Murnane,—I am rejoiced to hear of your festival to-morrow for the purpose of promoting congregational singing. There are two kinds of church music. In larger churches, where choirs can be maintained, a higher kind of music, strictly sacred, can be sung; but even in this case it ought to be, not by paid choirs, but by cantors, the clergy, and those who do it for the love of Divine worship, as a part of Divine worship, and in cotta and in sanctuary. Western galleries have ruined the sacredness of choirs. In all other churches, simple music, especially the responses in holy Mass, and hymns. I most earnestly desire to see the singing of hymns and litanies by the whole congregation.

In most churches, even at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the choirs hinder the congregation by solos and music nobody can take part in. It is a great misery and hindrance to piety. I am very glad that some of my choirs will help you, and I hope you will come and help us in turn.

Always affectionately yours,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE THREE MALADIES.

*To the Rev. P. O'Keeffe, C.C., of Borrisoleigh, county Tipperary,  
author of "Sermons at Mass."*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,

November, 1887.

My dear Father O'Keeffe,—I thank you much for your very solid and practical "Sermons," which I will make known to my

\* On the titular Feast of the Cathedral the evening service was attended by all the principal choirs of the neighbourhood. The singing throughout was in unison, consisting of English hymns and the plain chant melodies of the Benediction service.

priests. They will be useful in carrying out what I wish, namely, five-minutes' sermons after the Low Masses. A page or two would be very much to the point, for they are in plain and intelligible language. I am wickedly in the habit of saying that the three maladies which hinder piety are fanciful books of devotion, theatrical music in church, and pulpit oratory. Your little book has the *virilis simplicitas* of St. Charles.

Believe me, always yours very truly,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

#### THE LONDON MUSIC HALLS.

*To the organisers of a meeting held in St. James's Hall, in support of the London County Council's "attempt to purify the music halls of the metropolis."*

October, 1889.

I very heartily sympathise and share in the vigorous action of the meeting of Friday, in support of the County Council in its wise and resolute refusal to license music halls and other public places the influence of which is immoral and full of occasions of evil. Such places, from their aspect of respectability, affect and entangle a higher class. The organised and vehement attack which is now directed against the County Council, supported by all kinds of plausible articles in the newspapers, makes it the duty of every man who knows the deplorable evils and concealed dangers of London, to strengthen the hands of the Council by a fearless co-operation by word and deed.

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

#### THE CHURCH AND THE ELECTIONS.

*To Mr. G. Elliot Ranken.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
July 2nd, 1886.

My dear Mr. Ranken,—No man can prove a negative, and I therefore cannot say that Leo XIII. has not done any act that the fancy or credulity of man may impute to him.

But I am as likely as any man to know what he has done in the political contest of this moment, and I have no hesitation in saying that the notion of his telling the clergy how to vote in politics is as fabulous as "Gulliver's Travels."

Men can know but little what the Catholic Church is if they can believe such electioneering tricks. If any such orders had been issued, I and my colleagues would have known it; and I am able to say, in their name and my own, that no such orders have been either received or issued.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

*To Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos.*

March, 1886.

Dear Sir,—There is no prohibition in this diocese as to the Primrose League. In the first draft of its rules the members engaged to support religion as by law established. This no Catholic could do. The draft was revised, and there is now nothing that a Catholic may not promise. The engagement is to maintain religion or Christianity and freedom of conscience against atheism and atheistic or anti-Christian politics.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

FREE TRADE AND FAIR.

*To the Hon. Percy Wyndham.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,

February 17th, 1888.

Dear Mr. Wyndham,—I have delayed to thank you for your last letter and for *Fair Trade* till I could read the paper. I did so last night. For the last many years I have been afraid that we have passed the highest point of our prosperity, which seems to be the result of transient causes, such as (1) the invention

and application of machinery to production ; (2) the application of steam to the making of machinery and of machinery to all industry ; (3) the use of steam for transit by land and by sea ; (4) the manual skill resulting from these powers. In all these we had the start of all nations. We took away all their staples—silk from France, cloth from Germany, glass from Bohemia, steel from Spain, etc., and we made it their interest to buy of us, thereby making the whole Continent our market. This is all reversed, and can never return. They have our inventions by machinery and steam ; and the skill resulting they are supplying themselves and shutting us out of their home market. The *Times* of yesterday shows that all nations are rising relatively to England, and notably Germany. I have never been able to understand the enormous excess of our imports over our exports. It is not paid for either in money or in kind. Is it accumulating debt ? I had some correspondence with the late Mr. Newmarch, and conversation with Lord Beaconsfield, about it. But neither accounted for it. The land and all the moral relations of social life founded on it are gone. We may eat bread as long as we command the sea ; but our relative superiority is very slender. The condition of the labour market is depressed ; and if neither in agriculture nor in manufacture labour is demanded, I do not see the remedy. Capitalists have had a run of prosperity, but agriculture is unremunerative, and our Continental market is closed. If our Colonies do not save us, capitalists will suffer next. I do not venture to suggest remedies. Our vast population is always increasing, our land is a fixed quantity. Its productiveness has never been ascertained. In King John's time it was as twelve, to our time, which is as sixty. The Lords' Committee on Land, etc., some years ago reported that not more than one-third of our land is adequately drained. But I am going beyond my depth. Mr. Sampson Lloyd's proposition seems to be undeniable. What Freetraders would answer I do not know.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

P.S.—I have believed in Free Trade all my life, and Mulhall's "Fifty Years of National Progress" seems to justify it. But, *basta che duri* ; my fear is that it will not last. It prospered when all its conditions were in our favour. This does not prove that it will prosper when the conditions are, if not altogether, at least extensively, changed. As yet this has not been tested. The



next ten years will show if trade is to revive. I am afraid land will not. I am afraid that neither pasture nor our "wondrous roots," as Lord Beaconsfield called them, nor even jam, will restore the value of land, and the employment of our agricultural population.—H. E., C.A.

---

"THE LAST OF THE OLD AND GREAT RACE."

*To the Mourners at the Tomb of Archbishop Ullathorne at Oscott*

Your sad, but long-looked-for, news has come suddenly after all. He is the last of the old and great race, and we shall mourn his loss. He was always on the right and highest side, with the primitive instincts of a Catholic Bishop. I feel his loss as a personal loss, for we have been friends for seven-and-thirty years: most intimate, and in true, mutual confidence. We have worked and taken counsel together, both in England and in Rome, on all matters, from the greatest to the least.

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"THE OLD FACES MUST DISAPPEAR."

*To Alderman Stuart Knill.*

November, 1890.

My dear Alderman Knill,—I am truly sorry that I shall not be with you at the Benevolent Society's dinner to-night. The old faces must disappear. Arthur Butler has gone to his reward. I am shut up, but my heart is with you. And I remember that I used to call upon the young men to take our places, and I was always glad to see so many of them with us. Give my kind regards to all our company, and may all blessings be upon the Benevolent Society and upon all its friends.

Believe me, always very faithfully yours,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"THE FREEST RACES OF MANKIND."

*To His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.*

Westminster, Octave of St. Edward, 1889.

My Lord Cardinal, — The brotherly invitation of your Eminence, and of the Bishops of the United States, bidding us, the Bishops of England, to share in the joy of the Centenary of your great Episcopate, demands from us more than a formal acknowledgment. In the name, therefore, of my colleagues, and in my own, I return to you our thanks and our fraternal affection. If, by reason of old age or infirmities, or of work or inevitable duties, we are unable to be present or to share your thanksgiving, our hearts will be with you in the unity of spirit and of the imperishable Faith.

To you it is given first to celebrate the hundredth year of your pastoral care in the New World of the English-speaking race. When the fragments of the Old World fell away from the Catholic unity, a New World was ascending above the horizon. The New World now reigns in west and east and south by a world-wide sway of 140 sees. In ten years the Church in England will keep its Jubilee. St. Augustine of Canterbury, in his restored jurisdiction, rejoices with you to-day. St. Patrick of Ireland has so large a share in your Centenary that he may claim it as the fifteenth of his unbroken line.

In the greatest Commonwealth, and in the greatest Empire of the world, the Church, Catholic and Roman, deeply rooted and daily expanding, calls the freest races of mankind to the liberty of Faith, the only true liberty of man. As in the beginning so now our Divine Master walks among the people, and they know His voice, for He has compassion on the multitude, and they follow Him. Pray for us, Venerable Fathers, as we also pray for you, that the Holy Ghost may send down upon us all, pastors and flock, the early and the latter rain, and may fill us with the love of God and man.

I am always, my Lord Cardinal, your Eminence's humble and devoted servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"LET ME KISS YOUR HANDS."

*To Cardinal Moran.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
September 22nd, 1890.

My dear Lord Cardinal,—I cannot tell you with what joy I received your Eminence's letter and the address of the Episcopate of Australia. My few words fail to express it. Let me ask your Eminence to make known to the Archbishops and Bishops my grateful and brotherly thanks. Let me kiss your hands and sign myself your Eminence's devoted servant,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"THEY SEEM TO TELL ME I HAVE NOT STOOD ALL THE  
DAY IDLE."

*To the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, and to the Archbishops  
and Bishops of Australia.*

London, September 22nd, 1890.

I little thought that among the many testimonies of Catholic charity which have greeted me in my Silver Jubilee, I should receive two which seem to have come with an especial warmth of heart. The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, in the name of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, greeted me from the West; and in a little while the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney and the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia, in Synod assembled, greeted me from the South-eastern Star.

These two voices of brotherly love come to me as strength on either side, now that the weakness of age begins to weigh. They seem to tell me that I have not stood all the day idle. And though I dare not take to myself the kind words they say, I hope I may believe that I have not forfeited their generous affection as a fellow-worker in the vineyard.

Let me, then, gratefully thank you all, and may your great Episcopate, the growth of which I have watched for half-a-century, expand in its many provinces and dioceses, multiplying all the works of spiritual life in absolute independence of all

\* Who, in the name of the Australian Hierarchy, sent congratulations to His Eminence on his Silver Jubilee.

powers of the world. *Ubi Spiritus Domini ibi libertas.* Ireland has taught this to the English-speaking world, and its future who can foretell?

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

THE CARDINAL AND THE COLONIES.

*To Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
January 26th, 1890.

Dear Mr. Trendell,—If all men had a memory of kindness so lively as yours it would be better for mankind. I am sure that I never can have deserved the valuable recompense you have given me, for which I truly thank you. So far as I know your book is new and stands alone. It was much wanted and is singularly well done. It is a history of the Imperial Exhibition which taught me more than any book till now in existence, and I hope it will help to rouse the public conscience to our Imperial obligations.

Believe me, always faithfully yours,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.

*To the Very Rev. Sebastian Bowden.*

September, 1886.

My dear Father Bowden,—You confer a true benefit upon us by publishing Dr. Hettinger's work on Dante. It will be not only a signal help to readers of the "*Divina Commedia*," but it will, I hope, awaken Catholics to a sense of the not inculpable neglect of the greatest of poets, who by every title of genius, and by the intensity of his whole heart and soul, is the master-poet of the Catholic faith. Excepting Ozanam's beautiful "*Dante et la Philosophie Chrétienne*," I know of no Catholic translation of, or comment on, Dante, made in our own

\* On receipt of a copy of his "*Colonial Year Book*."





IN A RECEPTION ROOM.

time. It has fallen to non-Catholic hands to honour his name. Perhaps it may be because of certain burning words against the human and secular scandals in the mediæval world. Bellarmine has long ago cleared away those aspersions from the Catholic loyalty of Dante.

There are three books which always seem to me to form a triad of Dogma, of Poetry, and of Devotion—the “Summa” of St. Thomas, the “Divina Commedia,” and the “Paradisus Animæ.” All three contain the same outline of the Faith. St. Thomas traces it on the intellect, Dante upon the imagination, and the “Paradisus Animæ” upon the heart. The poem unites the book of Dogma and the book of Devotion, and is in itself both Dogma and Devotion clothed in conceptions of intensity and of beauty which have never been surpassed or equalled. No uninspired hand has ever written thoughts so high, in words so burning and so resplendent, as the last stanzas of the “Divina Commedia.” It was said of St. Thomas: *Post summam Thomæ nihil restat nisi lumen gloriæ*. It may be said of Dante: *Post Dantis paradisum nihil restat nisi visio Dei*.

Nella profonda e chiara sussistenza  
Dell' alto lume parvemi tre giri  
Di tre colori e d' una contenenza.

E l' un dall' altro, come Iri da Iri  
Parea riflesso ; e 'l terzo parea fuoco.  
Che quinci e quindecim igualmente si spiri.

\* \* \* \* \*

O luce eterna, che sola in te sidi,  
Sola t' intendi, e da te intelletta,  
E intendente te ami e sorridi.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dentro da se del suo colore istesso  
Ma parea pinta della nostra effige :  
Perche il mio viso in lui tutto era messo.

“Paradiso,” xxxiii. 115, etc.

These words are almost the last words of the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

Believe me, always yours affectionately,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

"A POEM AND AN INSTRUCTION."

*To Sir John Croker Barrow.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
April 26th, 1891.

My dear Sir John Barrow,—*"Mary of Nazareth"* is a beautiful and devout poem, and will, I believe, be very instructive, especially to those who come into the Church, and have never fully known the sanctity, the sorrows, the dignity, and the glory of the Mother of God. You have drawn it all out in a way so plain, and so clearly based upon the Apostles' Creed, that I believe it will be not only a poem, but an instruction. Let me therefore thank you for both.

Believe me always, yours affectionately,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

*To the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.*

The English version of the *"Mirror of the Virtues"*\* of your holy Foundress will be a gift to all who know and revere the Congregation of the Good Shepherd; but to you it will be a book above all price. Unlike most works on the virtues of the servants of God, it is full of her own words. By it she still speaks to you, and guides you all, by reigning over your hearts. The saintliness of her soul was truly supernatural, and I cannot doubt that the discernment of the Holy See will recognise her heroic sanctity, and number her amongst the Saints.

Whenever you ask me to share in your petition to that effect, I shall rejoice to do so under my own hand.

I am glad you have added a short account of the founding of the Good Shepherd in England. There are not many now among the priests of Westminster who remember its humble beginning in the single and narrow house at Hammersmith. In the summer of 1851 I first visited it, and saw for the first time Mother Mary of St. Joseph, on whom already the forerunners of her speedy and happy death were visible. I well remember the keen eye and intense will which revealed a heart consumed

\* The life of the Foundress, issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, under the title of *"Mirror of the Virtues of Mother Mary St. Euphrasia Pelletier, with a short account of her work in the United Kingdom."*

by zeal for the salvation of souls. From her I heard the poverty and discouragements over which her light and firmness had so nobly prevailed. Since then it has been my happiness to watch over the Good Shepherd, to note the multiplication of your houses, and to know your internal welfare by the pastoral care which unites us.

May every good gift from the Father of Light be with you in all your houses, not only in the United Kingdom, but in all the world.

Believe me always, yours in Jesus Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

A PRIEST'S JUBILEE.

*To Father John Moore.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
March 5th, 1888.

My dear Father Moore,—I hardly think that many priests, and certainly any priest in England, has the privilege of saying that he was ordained in the same basilica, and by the same consecrator, within three months of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. The Jubilee of the Holy Father fell on December 31st last, and yours will fall on the 31st of this month. The whole world has united with the Holy Father in the joy of his Jubilee, and your brethren in the Diocese of Westminster, and a multitude of poor, will heartily and lovingly rejoice with you in yours. Perhaps you hardly thought fifty years ago that you should live to remember that early morning in St. John Lateran's and Cardinal Odescalchi, in your seventy-eighth year. We have been friends for this thirty-six years, and my memory of the early days of our friendship is fresh in my mind. No one, I think, will more heartily wish you joy. I rejoice to know that your house adjoining the church is built, and I hope you may still live to see the completion of the church at Southend, and the church of the good soldiers at Shoeburyness finished and consecrated. May every blessing be with you.

Believe me always, yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

\* Of Southend.



"NEEDLESS OUTLAY" AT FUNERALS.

*To the Rev. F. Lawrence.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,

August 29th, 1890.

Rev. and dear Sir,—The object of the Burial Reform Association seems to me to be very reasonable and wholesome. The excesses of costliness rarely come under my notice, by reason of the poverty of my people; but from the published descriptions they would appear to be both burdensome and unmeaning. It would be better if the needless outlay of money were given in some form of benefit to the poor.

Believe me, always yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

"POVERTY AND FAITH RATHER THAN MONEY AND ERROR."

*To the President of St. Mary's Training College, Hammersmith.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,

December 6th, 1889.

My dear Dr. Graham,—Tell the masters and students that I am most unwillingly absent from them to-day. Tell them to be of good heart and to choose poverty and faith rather than money and error. We are working for them and will not slacken our efforts to raise the state of our teachers as high as we can. We shall soon have to provide technical instruction and secondary schools, and we look to St. Mary's for a higher training and a higher self-education. Give them my blessing, and may God give them perseverance and a love of souls.

Always yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

\* Hon. Secretary of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association.

HAVE WOMEN SOULS?

*To Captain Carlisle.\**

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
October 29th, 1886.

Dear Sir,—Long experience in events of this kind enables me to understand the pain you suffer, and sincerely to sympathise with you. But I am afraid that my answer to your note will not be what you wish ; and yet I think that on reflection you will see what I write is just and true :

1. When Our Lord said, " He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me," He taught us that the bonds of kindred and affection must yield to our duty to Him.

2. From the age of reason everyone is bound to obey the dictates of conscience in matters of faith and religion.

3. No father or husband can suspend this obligation, or take away the liberty of conscience which God gives to all.

4. If, therefore, Mrs. ——— believed the Catholic faith she was bound to follow her conscience, and no human will could come between her conscience and God.

5. As to the privacy with which she acted I am unable to judge without fuller information, but I may say that all secrecy or concealment is to be avoided with great care. Sometimes there may be causes which not only justify, but compel people to act on their own responsibility, and in the exercise of their liberty of conscience.

6. Lastly, I must add that it is not the duty of a priest to answer questions which ought to be put to the person chiefly concerned. Such questions ought to be put direct. If you will

\* Who, in his own words, had " absolutely refused to sanction " his wife's " contemplated change of faith." She was received into the Church, however, by Monsignor Moore, and a " Priest in the Family " controversy followed at great length in the columns of the *Globe*. *A propos* the *Pall Mall Gazette* asked, in the words of our heading, " Have women souls ? " and another journalist expressed the same sentiment in rhymes :

Let all this pious nation mourn,  
Cast ashes on each head,  
Let every church be hung with black,  
Let solemn prayers be said :  
An actual English wedded wife,  
In marriage duly brought,  
Has dared to think she has a soul  
And its salvation sought.

calmly consider these points, I hope that you will see them to be just and reasonable.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE LAW OF CONSCIENCE AND THE LAW OF AFFECTION.

*To Captain Carlisle.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster,  
November 1st, 1886.

Dear Sir,—I believe that your questions are fully answered in my last letter, but I willingly repeat the answers in fewer words.

1. It is lawful for a Catholic priest to receive the wife of any one of any religion without requiring the consent or making previous communication to anyone; and it is right, when called upon to receive anyone of years of discretion, if the liberty of conscience of that person is interfered with by anyone, to do so.

2. When there is no other place, it is both lawful and right for a priest to receive anyone at the house where he and other clergy reside. There can be no more open and recognised place than the resbytery.

3. A priest has no obligation, as I have said in the first answer, above given, to communicate with anybody.

4. According to all law, human and divine, a higher law suspends a lower, for they can never be at variance. The law of conscience is higher than any law of affection.

In my last letter I quoted the words of Our Lord. Neither father nor mother has control over the conscience of a child, nor husband over the conscience of a wife, in faith, by which alone we can be saved.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

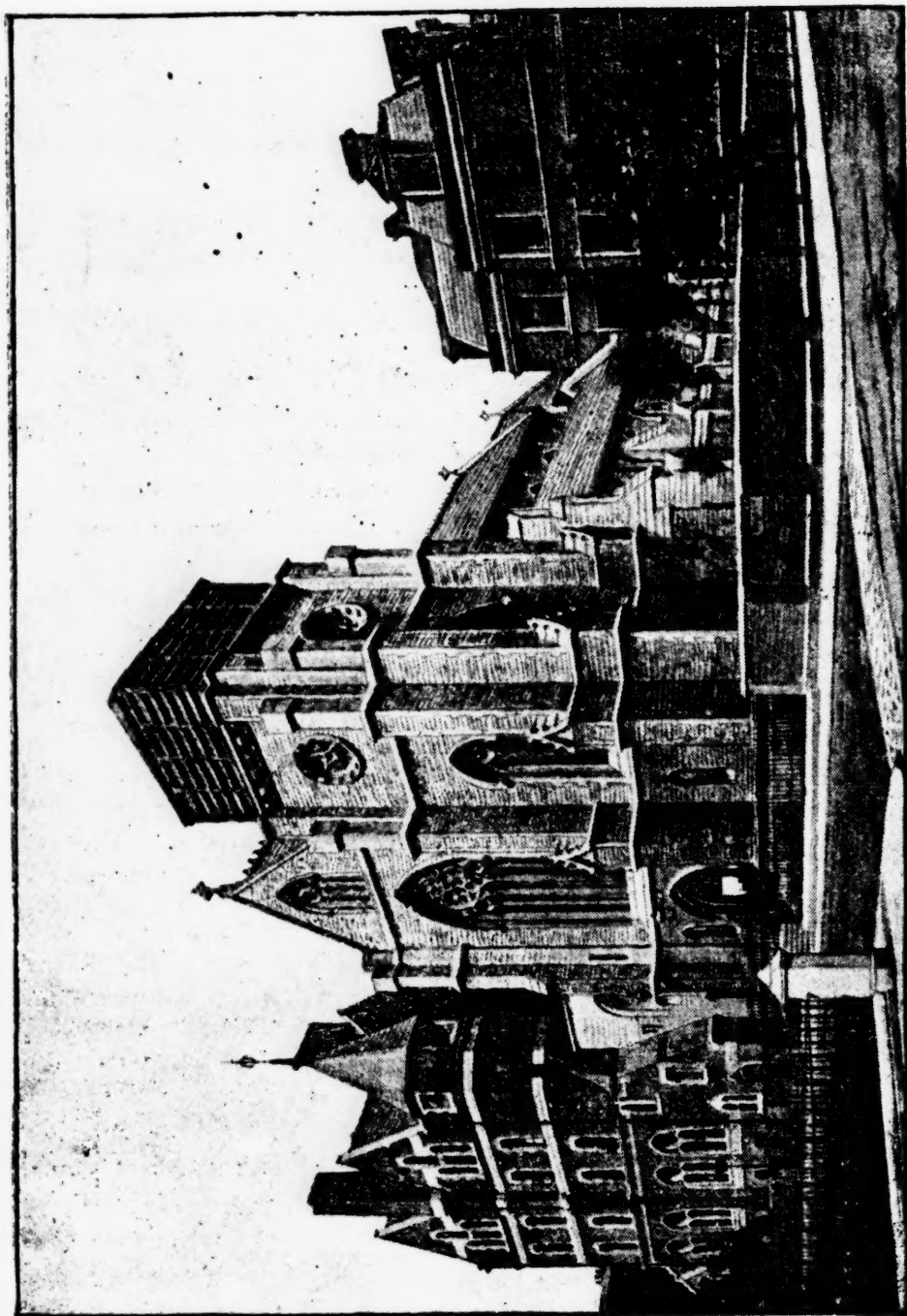
---

"THE NINE-AND-TWENTY YEARS OF OUR WORK THERE."

*To the Very Rev. Francis Kirk, O.S.C.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,  
July, 1886.

My dear Father,—I am very glad that you have decided to



ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS AT BAYSWATER



build St. Charles's Chapel.\* For long years it was my desire, but the heavy and inevitable demands upon us made it impossible. I am glad to see it done at last. In the nine-and-twenty years of our work there have been received into the Faith at St. Mary's a very great number who, though in all parts of the world, will not the less remember St. Mary of the Angels with affection, and will be glad to make an offering to St. Charles's Chapel. And the far greater multitude of those who have grown up under the shadow of our Church, and before its altars, will need no words from me to unite them in helping this work of filial piety to our Saint and Father.

Believe me always, my dear Father, yours affectionately,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

---

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

*To the Right Rev. Monsignor Gilbert, V.G.*

Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W.,

June 22nd, 1891.

My dear Vicar-General,—Be so kind as to say to the meeting† to-morrow night that I must not complain of the privation of not being with you. I ought to be thankful that for more than twenty years I have had the happiness of being in the midst of you. The work in education has been built up year by year. It has never gone back, and once more this year it is advancing both in numbers and efficiency.

You so perfectly know my mind and judgment on the fee grant question that I will not add a word beyond this. We are in the most critical and dangerous moment. May God guide and guard us in saving the Christian schools of England! Give my blessing to the meeting, and say that I am not ill, but afraid of being out at night.

Yours affectionately,

HENRY EDWARD,  
Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

\* In the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, where the Cardinal Archbishop spent the first eight years of his life as a Catholic priest. There he established a Community of Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo—a Community which still counts him as a member, and to which he has paid frequent brotherly visits as Cardinal Archbishop.

† A meeting of the supporters of the Westminster Diocesan Education Fund.

*Advertisements.*

---

## THE CATHOLIC STANDARD LIBRARY.

---

*A Series of STANDARD WORKS, consisting of Foreign Translations, Original Works, and Reprints. Printed in the best style of the typographic art, demy 8vo, of from 450 to 500 pages, and issued at short intervals: price 12s. each volume, post free to any part of the world; or twelve volumes may be selected for Five Guineas.*

---

**History of the Popes, from the close of the Middle Ages.**

By Professor Dr. L. PASTOR. Translated from the German. Edited by FREDERICK ANTROBUS, of the London Oratory. *Vols. I. and II. nearly ready.*

**Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer.** Its origin

illustrated by hitherto unpublished documents. With four fac-simile pages of the MS. By FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B., and EDMUND BISHOP. Third Thousand.

**The Dark Ages: A Series of Essays illustrating the State of Reli-**

gion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries. By the late Dr. MAITLAND, Keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth. Fifth Edition, with an Introduction by FREDERICK STOKES, M.A.

**Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.** An attempt to

illustrate the History of their Suppression, with an Appendix and Maps showing the situation of the Religious Houses at the time of their dissolution. By FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, D.D., O.S.B. 2 vols. *Fourth Edition.*

**The Great Commentary on the Gospels of CORNELIUS À LAPIDE.**

Translated and Edited by the Rev. T. W. MOSSMAN, B.A., D.D., assisted by various scholars

SS. Matthew and Mark's Gospels. 3 vols. Third Edition.

St. John's Gospel and Three Epistles. 2 vols. Second Edition.

St. Luke's Gospel. 1 vol. Second Edition.

**A Commentary on the Holy Gospels.** In 4 vols. By JOHN

MALDONATUS, S.J. Translated and Edited from the original Latin by GEORGE J. DAVIE, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford, one of the Translators of the Library of the Fathers. *Vols. I. and II. (St. Matthew's Gospel).*

**Piconio (Bernardine à).** Exposition on St. Paul's Epistles. Trans-

lated and Edited by A. H. PRICHARD, B.A., Merton College, Oxford. 3 vols.

**The History and Fate of Sacrilege.** By Sir HENRY SPELMAN,

Kt. Edited, in part from two MSS., revised and corrected. With a Continuation, large Additions, and an Introductory Essay. By Two Priests of the Church of England. New Edition, with additional Notes by the Rev. S. J. EALES, D.C.L.

**Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty, and the Reforma-**

**tion Period.** By S. HUBERT BURKE. 4 vols., demy 8vo. *Second Edition.*

**The Hierurgia; or, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.** With

Notes and Dissertations elucidating its Doctrines and Ceremonies. By Dr. DANIEL ROCK. 2 vols. A new and thoroughly revised edition, with many new Illustrations. Edited, with a Preface, by W. H. JAMES WEALE. *In the Press.*

**The Complete Works of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux.**

Translated into English from the Edition of DOM JOANNES MABILLON, of the Benedictine Congregation of St. Maur (Paris: 1690), and Edited by SAMUEL J. EALES, D.C.L., sometime Principal of St. Boniface College, Warminster. Vols. I. and II., the Letters of St. Bernard *Vol. III. in the Press.*

**The Relations of the Church to Society: A Series of Essays**

by EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J. Edited by the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL. *In the Press.*

**The Church of the Fathers.** By the late Rev. Dr. ROCK. A

New and Revised Edition. 4 vols. Edited by the Benedictines of Downside. *Preparing.*

---

JOHN HODGES, AGAR STREET, CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

*Advertisements.*

---

## THE SILVER LIBRARY.

(NEW VOLUMES.)

**NEWMAN'S (Cardinal) Certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in Catholic Teaching Considered.** 2 vols. Vol. I., Twelve Lectures. Vol. II., Letters to Dr. Pusey concerning the Blessed Virgin, and to the Duke of Norfolk in Defence of the Pope and Council. Crown 8vo, each ... 3s. 6d.

**Selection, adapted to the Seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year,** from the "Parochial and Plain Sermons" of John Henry Newman, B.D. (Cardinal Newman). Edited by the Rev. W. J. COPELAND, B.D., late Rector of Farnham, Essex.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

**NEWMAN'S (Cardinal) The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated.** Crown 8vo. ... 3s. 6d.

**NEWMAN'S (Cardinal) Loss and Gain : The Story of a Convert.** Crown 8vo. ... 3s. 6d.

**FROUDE'S (J. A.) The Two Chiefs of Dunboy : An Irish Romance of the Last Century.**

Crown 8vo. .. 3s. 6d.

**JEFFERIES' (Richard) The Story of My Heart : My Autobiography.** With Portrait.

Crown 8vo. ... 3s. 6d.

---

LONDON : LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

---

## L. GROSSE'S Ecclesiastical : Warehouse.

ESTABLISHED IN 1783.

---

Manufactory of Ecclesiastical Vestments, Banners, Frontals, and Altar Linen.

Fine Art Needlework, Embroideries, Damasks, Brocades, Gold, Silver, and Silk Lace, Pillow Lace.

Brasswork and Statuary.

Complete Church Furniture.

Price Lists, Specimens, Designs and Estimates free of charge on application.

---

V. D. CASTEELE-GROSSE,  
83 BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.



ARCHBISHOP PORTER, S.J.